ne Liberals' big dilemma

Who'll follow St. Laurent?

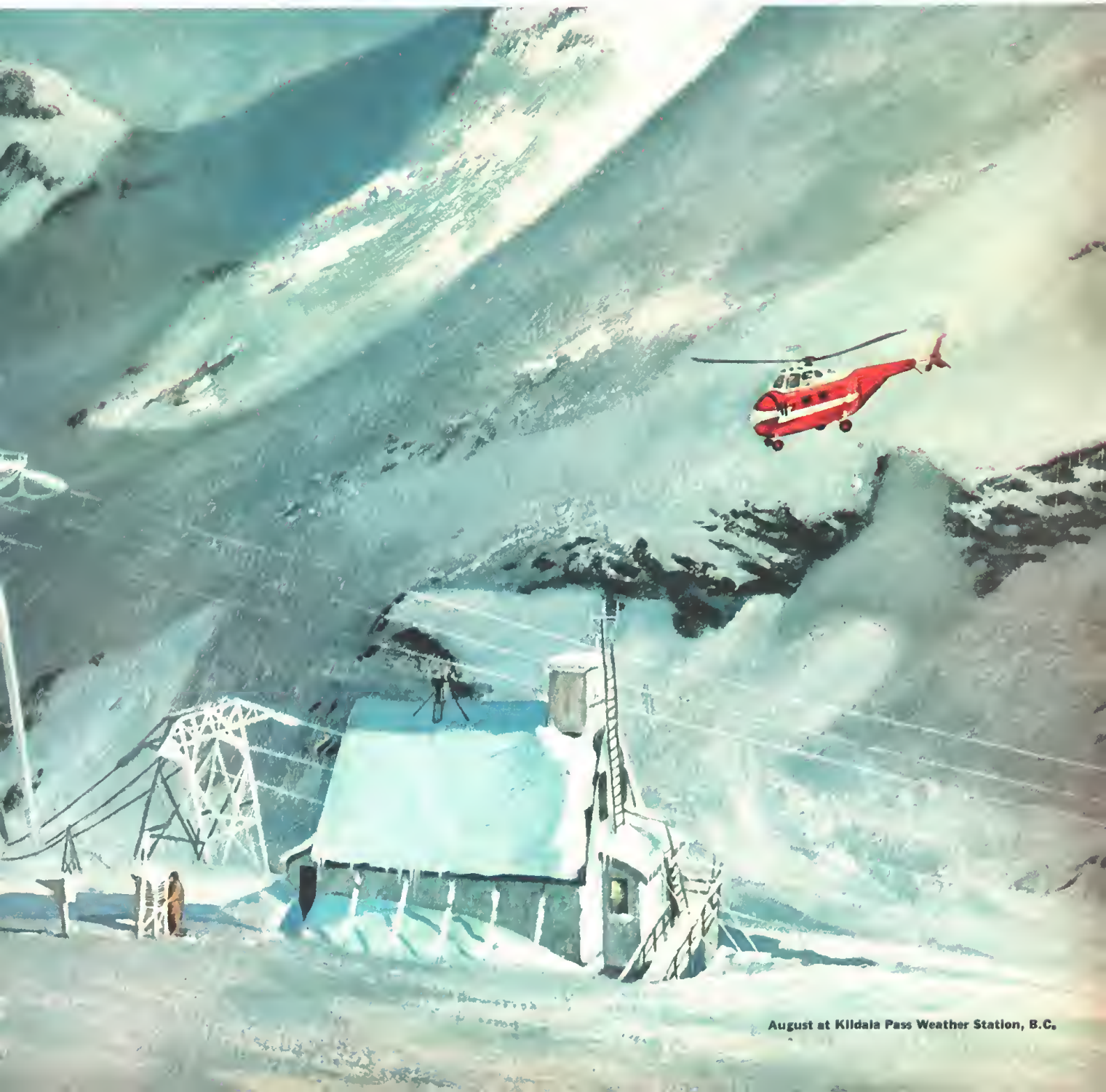
BY BLAIR FRASER

The race to find a cure for cancer

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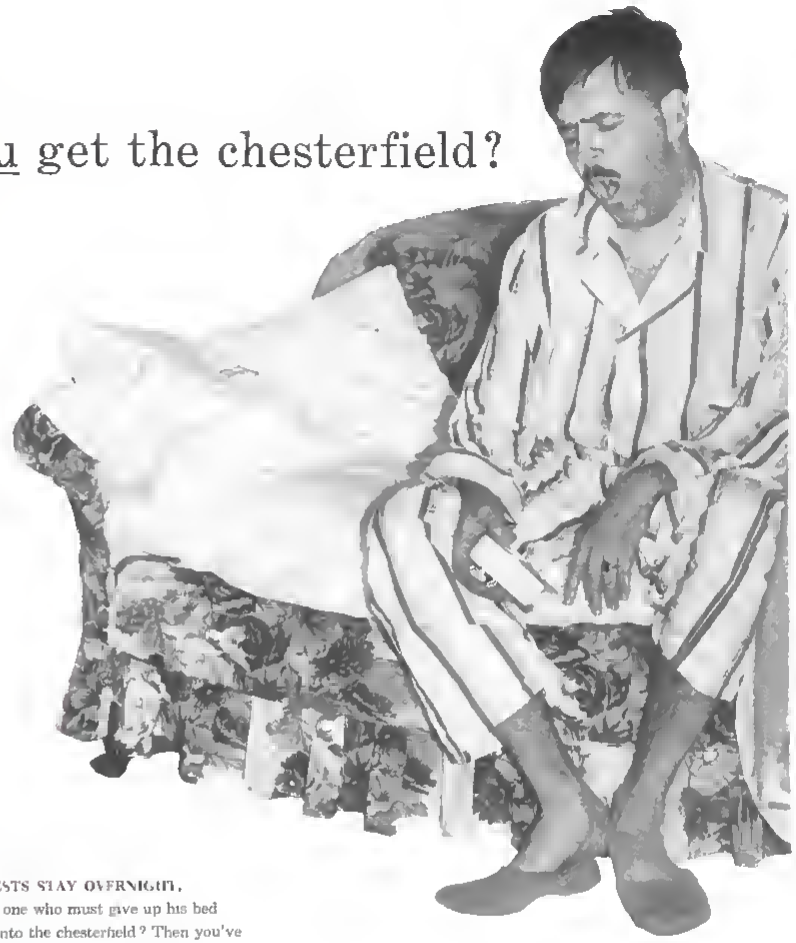
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST 18 1956 VOLUME 69 NUMBER 17

Editorial

Should we all pay for splendid things only a few can see?

The Stratford Shakespearean Festival troupe is about to begin the only Canadian noon play ever to play at the Edinburgh Festival mainly had to fall on the banner but lack of money to meet the expense of going there. The Canadian government was not prepared to help and the financial problem was made still more difficult by the circumstance that the Stratford Festival is also trying to raise a million dollars for a permanent theatre on the site of its famous tent.

Canada is negotiating or conducting preliminary conversations with a view to negotiating the purchase of a painting by Leonardo da Vinci which may cost a million and a half dollars. Several MPs will undoubtedly point out if they haven't done so already that this sum would buy a million bushels of first wheat or equally vast quantities of salt cod and potatoes.

These disparate events raise a question often asked in Canada which so far has had but tentative and inconclusive answers. Ought such amounts of the taxpayers' money to be spent on cultural projects however worthy which only a minority of taxpayers will ever see? Is it right to require the minority at large to help pay for the presentation of classical drama in western Ontario and Renaissance art in Ottawa?

It may help to answer the question if we take a glance abroad.

Duesseldorf in West Germany city about the size of Vancouver last spring opened a magnificent new opera house which cost the equivalent of ten million dollars in real terms. Its nineteen ballet and musicians during an autumn matinee performance but a scant only fourteen hundred people all told. Under no conceivable circumstances could such an enterprise pay in dollars and cents—it is a permanent economic burden.

Ten years ago Duesseldorf was a bomb-ruined flat. It still has problems of housing of employment of refugee settlement which to a foreign observer seem appalling. Like all Germany it still has relatively low wages relatively high prices and hence a spartan standard of living for the average family. Yet Duesseldorf used its scanty building materials its limited supply of skilled labor and its hard-wrung tax money for a community venture that in economic terms was folly.

This is merely a new edition of an oft-told tale. England had not finished repairing bomb damage when the Royal Festival Hall was built perhaps the finest concert hall in the world. Vienna was still a captive city on starvation rations when the Viennese rebuilt their beloved opera house within its hollow shell. Apparently the citizens of these nations believed such things of greater national importance than immediate economic gain.

If they so urgently needed an investment in national culture, surely Canadians need it no less. And if they could afford it surely Canadians are not too poor.

Stratford has given to Canadian drama not only a well-deserved fame, but a standard of excellence that already can be felt in other theatrical centres across the land. A Leonardo da Vinci painting may do nothing directly for Canadian culture in the world of art but it too will set a standard before our eyes—make us aware of what the first rate has that the second rate lacks, preserve us from the complacent illusion that every goose intentionally becomes a swan if it was hatched in our own barnyard.

If most of the citizens of this country think of themselves primarily as members of local communities these remarks will have no weight. But if they think of themselves primarily as Canadians—and we think they do—they'll want to do their share in such national enterprises.

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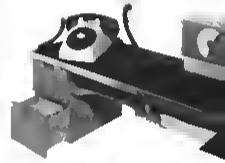


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[illegible] One evangelist [illegible] the greatest [illegible] he had the world [illegible] Billy Graham [illegible] Bishop Sheen [illegible] television [illegible] His Representatives [illegible] expert [illegible] new model

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He has written self-help [illegible] you can carry around [illegible] with [illegible] throughout the world. He has written half a dozen books [illegible] now his book The Power of Positive Thinking has [illegible] everything except the Bible.

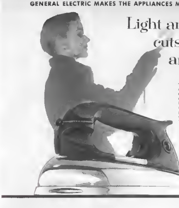
Perhaps [illegible] new deluxe pocket edition has been placed on the market, bound handsomely in genuine [illegible] stamped in gold with [illegible] wrapped in cellophane [illegible] printed on fine white Bible paper.

Like other successful salesmen Dr. Peale and Billy Graham employ the techniques so continued on page 39



Dr. Carpenter is an anthropologist at the University of Toronto, a writer, lecturer, student of social science.

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

How London vice laughs at the law

There is nothing very exciting about Maida Vale. It is just another part of that vast rambling conglomeration of humanity known as London. The shops are of no particular size or importance and such dwelling places as exist possess no unusual architectural virtue.

In one of these houses lived a forty-five-year-old man named Thomas Smithson. He seemed to have no particular hours of work and according to his neighbors was rather a night-bird.

But he was not what I would call at any rate acquaintance. In fact the other night three men arrived at the home of a friend whom he was visiting, burst in the room and shot him. A passer-by telephoned the police and an ambulance rushed Mr. Smithson to hospital.

There he was visited by the police but Mr. Smithson who had only five more minutes to live refused to give any information about his assailants. Instead he uttered a last curse upon the police and went to his death having proudly maintained to the very end his reputation as the



Steve [illegible] kept [illegible] in his cell [illegible] nights



A hypnotism lying for gangsters who licked crime-crazed Old Bailey

silent man of London's underworld.

Apparently the police were not wholly surprised by Mr. Smithson's exit from this world. It could not be said of him that he was a man without ambition and the police were aware of this homicidal frailty. In fact Mr. Smithson had been working in the Soho district of London's district of Soho for Maltese vice racket.

He was doing well but he wished to do better. Indeed he was determined to run a bigger and bolder vice racket than his employers. Shocked by such unworthy aspirations three of his employers called upon him in the night that I have described. In fact it was they who did him in.

Let us agree that the world is no poorer for the exit of Mr. Smithson but it is all very embarrassing for the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd-George who as home secretary is responsible for the administration of law and order.

This agreeable son of a great father has been having a hard time. No one doubts the sincerity of his conversion but it is rather awkward that as a private MP he voted with the rest of us to do away with hanging in 1948 and now as the sole minister who can grant a reprieve has changed his mind and is in favor of retaining the gallows.

But that is not his chief trouble. The fact is the organized vice racket of Soho has now reached such a level that the late Mr. Al Capone might well stir with envy in his grave.

It is true that the racketeers of London have never achieved the homicidal level of Mr. Capone's organization. Normally when a rival gangster tries to muscle in on the established rackets he is not shot continued on page 48

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Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Why the steel strike gives the Liberals nightmares

The United States steel strike has probably caused more alarm and despondency in Ottawa than in any part of the U.S. It deals no headland thrill by choking off the supply of pipe for Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Limited. The strike may keep the pipeline issue alive until the election campaign next year.

They knew even without a Gallup Poll to tell them so that the pipeline battle in parliament had done them some damage in the country, but it didn't worry them unduly. They were confident that if the western section of the line went into operation next winter the pipeline would cease to be an issue. With Alberta gaining a market for its natural gas, the pipelines selling-chore Liberal and Conservative candidates looking forward to the same benefit very soon, the voters directly affected would all be in favor of the project. The rest would have forgotten it about it by 1957.

So ran the Liberal thesis. It was plausible enough, but it depended on one fundamental assumption—that there would be no further hitch of any sort in the building of the line. Even before the U.S. steel strike there were some pessimists among the Liberals, even in the cabinet itself, who wondered whether they weren't taking too much for granted.

What keeps me awake nights, said one of them in mid-June, is the thought of something like this the Trans-Canada Pipe Line company for some reason beyond its own control is unable to finish the line from Alberta to Winnipeg this season and can't pay back the eighty million dollars it has by next April. So we have to foreclose and take over their work, the nearly percent of the cost—that's what the agreement says. But they go to court and contest the foreclosure and they turn up some clause or phrase in the fine print of the agreement that we haven't even noticed.

Wouldn't *that* be lovely in the middle of an election campaign?

Defense has been a fairly important issue at this session of parliament as it has been in most years since the war. But the books of time and millions of words dictated to the subject it is still very difficult to find out either from Hansard or from private conversation exactly what fault the opposition has to find with the broad lines of the government's defense policy. All they say—as George Drew said recently in the Commons—is that they want the matter discussed in a public meeting committee.

There is always of course the general charge that the Liberals are wasteful and extravagant that the armed services are inefficiently supplied and inadequately equipped. But when you begin to ask what precisely should be done about it that the embarrassing silence fall

What should be done with the external continued on page 66

To seek the hidden enemy...





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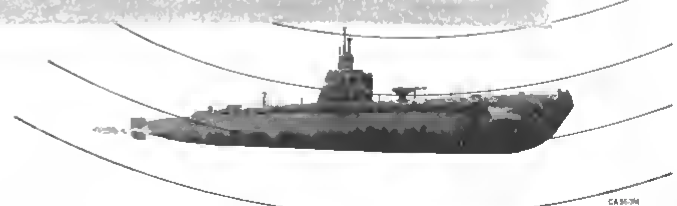
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Where we stand in the fight to conquer cancer

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What causes it?

How can you guard against it?

Can science find a cure? How soon?

Is anyone immune?

A [illegible] in this fight against [illegible] that [illegible] opportunity to [illegible] right [illegible] to [illegible] by [illegible] questions [illegible] Canadian experts

CANADA **Dr. A. W. Ham,** research adviser National Cancer Institute; professor of anatomy University of Toronto. **Dr. C. P. Leblond** research adviser National Cancer Institute; professor of anatomy McGill.
ENGLAND **Dr. A. Haddow,** Royal Cancer Hospital, London.
FRANCE **Dr. A. Lacassagne,** Pasteur Institute, Paris.
ISRAEL **Dr. I. Berenblum,** Weizmann Institute of Science.
UNITED STATES **Dr. C. Chester Stock,** Sloan Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York. **Dr. Henry S. Kaplan** Stanford University School of Medicine, San Francisco. **Dr. W. U. Gardner** Yale University.

The answers given by these scientists to dozens of questions were taken down by a tape recorder. Managing editor Pierre Berton acted as moderator for the all-session. It was possible to assem-

A MACLEAN'S PANEL DISCUSSION

continued on the next four pages

This was the question: Will we find a cure for cancer—and when? Here are the compelling answers of eight of the world's top experts



For Maclean's assistant editor Sidney Katz asked questions while managing editor Pierre Berton acted as the moderator

Canada



Dr. A. W. Hom

"It may come gradually but I wouldn't be surprised if I woke up tomorrow and found someone had solved the problem."

U. S. A.



Dr. C. Chester Stock

"We can't predict when we will have a wonder drug for cancer but I think it will come—and it can come quickly."

England



Dr. A. Haddow

"I have no doubt that we will eventually conquer cancer but since research is long range, I'd hate to set a time limit."

France



Dr. A. Lacassagne

"It does not seem possible any one discovery will solve every problem. Different cancers seem to develop differently."

Israel



Dr. I. Berenblum

"I think it would be safer to be pessimistic about an early discovery and to be pleasantly surprised if a cure is found."

Canada



Dr. C. P. Leblond

"It may be the major discovery has already been made but we don't yet know how to apply it in treating cancer."

U. S. A.



Dr. Henry S. Kaplan

The question is far too broad to be answered. Dr. Lacassagne has already indicated that cancer has many facets."

U. S. A.



Dr. W. U. Gardner

"It's dangerous to assign time for a cure. As a matter of fact there are many cancers we can control very nicely now."

ble so many brilliant cancerologists of one time because they were attending a conference sponsored by the National Cancer Institute of Canada at a Georgian Bay hotel. This year the National Cancer Institute of Canada will spend $750,000 on cancer research: sixty percent of the funds will come from the Canadian Cancer Society, the balance from federal and provincial governments.

In the whole field of medicine the most painstaking and intensive program of research is directed toward finding the causes and cures of cancer. This is because cancer is the most dreaded of all diseases. The situation in Canada is not unlike that existing in other nations. Last year cancer killed fifty-five men, women and children a day, or a total of twenty thousand deaths for the year.

As a cause of death it is second only to diseases of the heart and blood vessels which kill 45,000 Canadians a year. Every person is a potential victim. Last year 3,000 cancer casualties were under fifty: 300 were children under ten. Cancer killed more children between the ages of five and fourteen than any other disease.

On the whole, eminent members of the Maclean's panel reflected an air of sober optimism about the fight against cancer. Most of the current research projects were long term although as Dr. Haddow of England observed: "It is entirely possible that a cure will be found tomorrow." New wonder drugs are being discovered. Some of them can keep some victims of leukemia (cancer of the blood) alive for two years or more; they once died in a few weeks. The hottest clue in cancer research—supported by numerous laboratory experiments—is that the disease may be caused by a virus. Poliomyelitis is also caused by a virus and it has been conquered by the Salk vaccine. Interesting relationships are being discovered between hormones and cancer; hormone treatments are helping both male and female cancer patients.

On the negative side, the scientists warned that the fight against cancer is being held up by a lack of trained research workers; that the practice of adding coloring and preservative agents to food without fully testing them can lead to cancer; that ordinary luminous wrist watches and car panels may be hazardous; that doctors may sometimes endanger the lives of patients by taking too long to detect cancer.

Here is an edited account of the discussion between the Maclean's editors and the eight cancer specialists.

When will we find a cure for cancer?

Haddow: I'm optimistic. I have no doubt that eventually we will conquer cancer. But since most of our research programs are long range and well thought out, I'd hate to put an exact time on it.

Katz: Would you be surprised if an effective cure was discovered within a year?

Haddow: It's improbable, but it's also entirely possible that a major discovery might be made tomorrow. That's one of the things that makes cancer research so exciting.

Stock: You can't predict the events to some in science. For example the drug firms worked a long time trying to develop a serum for pneumonia. They were taken by surprise when the sulpha drugs were discovered. I don't think we can predict when we'll have a wonder drug against cancer although I think it will definitely come, and can come quickly. But personally I think it will take a while.

Berenblum: I wonder whether it's kind to the public to make a prediction. People might get the idea that we practically have a cure in our lap. I think it would be safer to be pessimistic about an early discovery and be pleasantly surprised if it happens.

Lacassagne: To me it doesn't seem possible that any one discovery will solve all the problems of cancer. Different cancers seem to develop differently. Different countries may succeed in finding a cure for one special cancer and not the others. I think we should be thinking in terms of drugs that can prevent cancer before it reaches an acute stage.

Hom: I think it will take a long time and come gradually step by step. On the other hand I wouldn't be terribly surprised if I woke up tomorrow and found that someone had pretty well solved the entire problem.

Gardner: I think it's dangerous to assign a time that a cure for cancer will be discovered. As a matter of fact, at present there are already many types of cancer that we can control very nicely—cancer of the skin and other local cancers, for example.

Kaplan: That is a question which, as phrased, is far too broad to be answered. Dr. Lacassagne has referred to the fact that cancer has many facets. There is the question of causation or the actual formation of the tumor cells, and then there is the behavior of the tumor after it is there; and finally there is the possibility of cure.

Leblond: It may be that the major discovery has already been made but that we don't yet know how to apply it. For instance when radiology was discovered we had no idea that it would be useful in treating cancer.

What's holding up cancer research?

Gardner: There's a bottleneck, but it's not money, it's manpower. There are simply not enough young men with medical degrees and scientific training to do research. At least that's the situation in the United States.

Katz: I wonder if Dr. Leblond or Dr. Hom could comment on the situation in Canada.

Hom: We're suffering from the same lack of trained personnel. To conquer the cancer problem, we need a lot of highly intelligent scientists working on specific projects for a long time. The big handicap now is that a lot of the research money is given only on a yearly basis. You can't attract good men for just a year. The National Cancer Institute of Canada is having some success in trying to change this.

Leblond: There's also the question of compensation. I've had some top-notch researchers in my department at the university earning between $6,000 and $7,000 a year. If a cancer worker, these same men can make up to $30,000 in private practice as surgeons and radiologists. I think people in cancer should be paid more than those engaged in other fields of research. In most fields of biochemistry or anatomy you can finish a piece of work in six months or a year and gain recognition by publishing a paper. You can't do this in cancer—it can easily take four or five years to gather material for even a small paper.

Berenblum: A short-term grant is likely to lead to the study of trivial problems because only a trivial problem can be finished in a year. The most important problems are usually long term projects. I think Canada and other countries are beginning to realize this.

Does a virus cause cancer?

In recent months there has been a great deal of speculation in scientific circles that cancer may be caused by a virus or viruses. The panel took a few minutes to explain what a virus is. It's smaller than the smallest bacteria. Unlike a bacteria, a virus is not a complete cell. It cannot reproduce independently. However once it gets into a cell the power of life is conferred on the virus and it can reproduce itself. Viruses are the cause of such diseases as measles, influenza and poliomyelitis. A virus is "filterable"—if you prepare a liquid extract from the brain of a cancerous fowl and pass it through a super fine filter the virus will come out the other side.

Scientists have taken filtered extracts from leukemic chickens and by injection have given leukemia to other chickens. The same has been done with other animals. By preparing a vaccine from these filtered extracts it has been possible to give mice a temporary immunity to leukemia. Such experiments have so impressed Dr. Wendell M. Stanley of the University of California who won a Nobel Prize for his work with viruses that he recently declared: "The fact that viruses have not yet been seriously implicated in human cancer does not mean that they are not there and that they are not of importance. I believe that the time has come when we should assume that viruses are responsible for most if not all kinds of cancer, including cancer in man, and design and execute our experiments accordingly."

Kaplan: I don't think it's fair to talk about *the* cancer virus. There are many viruses known and more being discovered every week. It's probable that there are thousands of kinds of viruses—perhaps hundreds in cancer alone.

Berenblum: The problem could be simplified by asking two questions. First, can viruses produce cancer? The answer is undoubtedly yes. There are quite a number of tumors that can be propagated by viruses. Second, "Are all tumors caused by viruses or just some tumors? The



The search for a "penicillin" for cancer

Panel members reported that a vigorous search was underway to find a drug, that would cure cancer. There was so much activity in the field of chemotherapy (curing by drugs) that cancer research groups have set up a Cancer Chemotherapy National Committee. In pool their knowledge and speed up progress. Dr. C. Chester Stock of the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York, reported that his group had already tested thirty-one thousand possible cancer cures. He went on to give his other details of the search.

Dr. Stock: We are now investigating about two hundred chemical compounds a month plus another two hundred cultural filtrates of bacteria and fungi. Penicillin (the well-known People are constantly sending us all kinds of materials they believe would cure cancer. One woman in Toronto would be surprised if the number of them we bother to investigate seriously. We have tested such things recently as extracts made from onions, garlic and mushrooms. As a matter of fact there's some indication that mushroom extract may be valuable. A horticultural professor in Michigan has sent us a preparation made from a fungus related to the mushroom family. On the basis of early experiments it looks encouraging. We haven't yet followed up the suggestion made by one person to inject patients with the tubes of person who died of cancer.

answer is there is no answer Cancer researchers have disagreed on this for fifty years

Katz In recent experiments mice injected with filtered leukemia extracts developed three different forms of cancer Is it possible that the same virus is responsible for different forms of cancer?

Stock We don't know that only one virus is present in the extract

Kaplan There's some reason to believe that different cancer viruses travel together

Katz It has been suggested that a cancer virus may enter the cells of the body and lie dormant there for years A factor develops only when something triggers the growth—old age or persistent irritation or a carcinogenic chemical

Lacassagne That's possible—but I'd like to get back to the idea that it's not likely that a single factor causes a cancer to develop It could be caused by the virus—but then there are other conditions that must be present too such as the person's hormone activity the place he works and lives smoking and so on The problem must not be simplified My view is that cancer is the result of a lot of things acting in combination with each other

Are hormones related to cancer?

Haun They evidently are in some cases Female cancer of the breast is an example The breast does not start developing until puberty This development is due to the fact that female sex hormones (from the ovaries and possibly the adrenal and hypophysis glands) have appeared in the blood stream If cancer develops in the breast the cancer cells are evidently also dependent on these hormones Hence if the glands that produce these hormones are removed the growth of the tumor may be miraculously slowed down or stopped

Katz What is the comparative situation in the male?

Haun One example is cancer of the prostate gland The prostate gland reaches full development under the influence of the male sex hormone If the gland that makes the male sex hormone is removed by surgery the patient may be greatly improved

Katz Are hormones used in therapy?

Gardner Hormones are probably the first chemotherapeutic agents (curing by drugs) to be used in cancer We've used cortisone for leukemia

Kaplan Female sex hormones injected in to a man with cancer of the prostate will help him And breast cancer in women can sometimes be controlled by injections of the male sex hormone

Gardner And we should mention the experiments we've done with mice Certain hormones applied directly to the uterine cervix of mice have produced cancer

Will we find a drug to cure cancer?

Berton Do you think we'll ever find a drug that will cure all types of cancer or will we need to discover a different drug for each different kind?

Haddow I think we'll probably need several substances It's perfectly clear now that the disease has several causes hence the need for several drugs

Lebland On the other hand we shouldn't be too pessimistic Thirty years ago medical researchers were looking **continued on page 56**



Do doctors take too long to diagnose cancer?

Dr. Kaplan It's encouraging that during the past thirty five years there's been a reduction in the delay between the time the patient first notices cancer symptoms and the time he goes to the doctor But there's another kind of delay that hasn't been appreciably reduced—the time the doctor takes to diagnose cancer When you state this baldly it sounds like an indictment of the medical profession But look at the situation realistically every year the doctor sees thousands of patients who complain of symptoms that in some respects may resemble cancer symptoms Actually, only a very few of these patients have cancer To those of us who are cancer specialists cancer seems to be a common disease In the average doctor's practice if he reported to cancer society every time a patient came in with cancer-like symptoms he'd be wrong nine hundred and ninety nine times out of a thousand

Katz When you speak of a doctor delaying diagnosis do you mean a month? A year?

Kaplan In the more obvious types of cancer—like skin cancer—there's usually little delay But if it's an internal cancer —say in the stomach or the lung—the average delay is perhaps two to four months I would say that postponement of treatment for that time could be dangerous.

What should the average person watch to guard against cancer?



1. Diet

Dr Kaplan Keep your weight down Life insurance records show that overweight people have much higher death rates than people of normal weight Also laboratory experiments have shown that if you feed animals a spartan diet they are less liable to cancer



2. Sunlight

Dr Lebland The evidence that excessive exposure of the body to sunlight causes skin cancer is quite clear The fetish for sunbathing can be dangerous



3. Smoking

Dr. Haddow: Give up the cigarette smoking habit That's the most important single measure to prevent cancer



4. Warts, lumps, wounds, etc.

Dr Berenblum: If you have a lump wart or blemish that starts growing, if you have unexplained bleeding from any orifice see a doctor immediately These symptoms don't mean that you have cancer they suggest a precautionary checkup

Dr. Kaplan Get any wounded area on your skin protected by a bandage as soon as possible I think you can make a case that cancers often develop from skin injuries that have not been allowed to heal properly



5. Watches, car panels, etc.

Dr. Lebland: Keep away from radioactivity in all its forms I think wrist watches with luminous radium faces are dangerous particularly if they are worn facing the body I also regard luminous clocks and car instrument panels as a cancer hazard

BLAIR FRASER
looks at Ottawa's
hottest question:

WHO will the Liberals choose after Louis?..... PEARSON OR HARRIS





The politicians prefer Harris, but they're afraid "nobody knows him." They suspect Pearson could win more votes but he may not want to run. Here's the story behind the Liberals' big dilemma

Liberals in Canada have had a special reason for interest in the ups and downs of President Eisenhower's health during the past eleven months. As Republicans looked at each other with a wild surmise, trumpeting faith in their man's fitness while they searched their ranks for a fit substitute, Canadian Liberals may well have whispered: There but for the grace of God, go we.

They too are led by an indispensable man whose electoral triumphs have never been equalled, and who has promised to lead them again if his health permits it. They too are unwisely aware that their man is not as young as he was, and that they'd be hit in sorry shape if he were suddenly incapacitated. They too have a problem of succession, not perhaps as halting as the Republican famine but intricate, delicate and divisive.

It doesn't do to push the parallel too far. Unlike President Eisenhower, Prime Minister Louis S. St. Laurent is in excellent physical health. He may tire more easily than he did a few years ago, may no longer radiate the grandfatherly vigour that was so impressive in the campaign of 1953, but for a man who will be seventy-five next February the Prime Minister is remarkably hale. There is no present reason to suppose he will be unable to lead his party through another general election.

But the Prime Minister's political strength, which is certainly not growing and which may be waning somewhat, is a strength that is his alone. He cannot bequeath it. But he can bequeath the elements of weakness that the Liberal government has displayed during the past eighteen months—the recurrent confusions and indecisions, the palsied touch in parliament, the tensions within the cabinet and the resultant awkwardness in public. These are a legacy his successor, one that bears a steep rate of compound interest. The longer the choice of a successor is delayed, the greater the burden of political liabilities will become. That is the Liberal dilemma.

Most of the troubles of the last two sessions of parliament had their origin in the nature of the Prime Minister's leadership, which is peculiar. As a focus of loyalty and affection he has had no equal in Canadian history—even political foes tend to be personal admirers, and his own party treats him with veneration. But in the other aspect of leadership, the firm determination of strategy and the settlement of internal disputes in cabinet or party, the Prime Minister has been less successful.

He has no difficulty with younger colleagues, who pay him a more than filial deference. For that matter he has no direct personal difficulty with older ministers either. But one very senior man enjoys a special role in the St. Laurent cabinet—Rt. Hon. Clarence D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce and of Defense Production, a close friend whom the Prime Minister accepts as an almost equal partner.

As an executive Howe is brilliant, probably as able a man as ever entered public life in Canada. As a maker of policy he is not. His own cabinet colleagues have the liveliest distrust of his political judgment, which they hold mainly responsible for all the hot water in which the Liberals have simmered resentfully since 1954. Howe himself thinks he is an Old Master of political strategy with nothing to learn from the young whippersnappers (some of whom in fact are grandfathers) who have come into the cabinet in the past ten years.

When these two views collide, as they have done repeatedly of late, only the Prime Minister can break the resultant deadlock quickly, smoothly and without embarrassment to the government and the Liberal Party. In this important function, as one leading Liberal remarked a few weeks ago, the Prime Minister has abdicated."

His abdication has created a vacuum in the very heart of Liberal Party leadership. The longer the vacuum is allowed to persist, the more formidable will be the task of the man who must take over that leadership in the not distant future. Meanwhile the status of the principal candidates for the Liberal succession is being affected in different ways. **continued on page 60**

THESE "DARK HORSES" ARE STILL IN THE RUNNING



HOWE

"It is not inconceivable that the Old Master might become the prime minister for more than a mere interval."

MARTIN

"He would be easiest of all candidates for the Liberals to sell in French and Catholic Quebec."



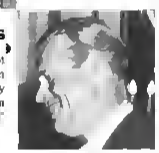


PICKERSGILL

"There is no Liberal the Tories would rather see lead the Liberals, not whom they'd attack with greater fervor."

WINTERS

"He insists he is not a professional politician but would probably sweep the board in his native Maritimes."





A hit on hit parade

reached the top he shook his head to wonder. "There are a lot of good singers in this town who haven't got a job. I'm real lucky, you know."

He even has a kind word for a singer many adults detest. Asked in a recent television interview for his opinion of Elvis Presley, he answered seriously: "I think he has a good voice. . . he's got a gimmick way of delivering a song, but you have to have that nowadays."

The major legacy of Koster's past is the hot intensity with which he goes about his business. "He's the hardest-working performer in the business," says Peter Maclarlane, a CBC television producer. Maclarlane was one of the producers last winter of Cross-Canada Hit Parade, a variety show that started Koster and to which he returns when the fall schedule begins next month.

When the program script required Koster to sing one two-minute song with a German accent, he practiced the accent for four days. When he was alone, driving his car, he spoke to himself with a German accent and scarcely noticed the stares of adjoining motorists in traffic jams. When he had a three minute soft-shoe dance to perform in the show this June, he rehearsed the number for more than eight hours. One rainy afternoon a neighbor hurrying past saw Koster, singing to himself, dancing in his garage. "The floor in here is just slippery enough," Koster shouted by way of explanation. Another time he was asked to perform three feats of magic while singing The Great Pretender, he spent four nights at the home of a magician perfecting the tricks.

Almost as much as he respects the details of his art, Koster respects its end product, money, as the force that separates men from wives. One of the producers of continued on page 51



Technicolor Hit Parade job calls for singing, too. Here he plans routine with producer Peter Maclarlane



Trombonist Koster taught he picks up pin money at stags



Teen-agers' idol Success on TV has brought Koster fan clubs in cities such as London and Montreal. In studio he signs autograph for young listener



A hit at home with family

How to be a singing star··the hard way

Where Wally Koster grew up in Winnipeg crime and sports were kids' pastimes. He tried singing. Now he's top pop artist on Canadian TV with fans everywhere including boyhood pals in the "pen"

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

Wally Koster, a brunette familiar to Canadian television viewers for the past four years, is one of the vocalists with a dance band that paid a friendly visit to Stony Mountain penitentiary just north of Winnipeg. As he stepped to the microphone for his first song the audience erupted with shouts of "Hiya Wally" and "Hey Koster, how's boy!" Of the five hundred inmates at the prison Koster estimates that he knew close to half by their first names. "I grew up with those guys," he explains. He stood on the bandstand and waved back and thought to himself, "You've had a close call. Koster, a real close call."

Koster grew up during the Thirties in a section of North Winnipeg that produced a bumper crop of thugs. He accepted crime as a natural adjustment to society. Lived beside hunger and violence, and knew the pain of the snobbery that was then aimed at the children of immigrants. To get across the tracks you had to make good in either sports or music," he recently remarked. "It was also a good idea to change your funny name. The family changed our name that left me the other two.

At first glance Koster's chances of getting across the railway tracks were not good. He was not a remarkable athlete as sports writers of the period recall, but he was rugged and courageous. He played centre on a football team that won a Manitoba championship and was a defenseman on junior and senior hockey teams. The alternative has worked out better. He taught himself to sing and to play the trombone well enough to join some of the best dance bands in the country. He later starred on a succession of radio shows and in 1951 was named by a magazine the best male singer of the year. He is now considered by many music appraisers to be the outstanding male singer of popular songs on Canadian television. His fortunes have improved since the days he walked miles in play games because he couldn't afford streetcar fare. He drives a convertible now.

Few people meeting Koster today could guess the pressures he has overcome. He walks softly, thinks humbly and talks gently. In a profession of which it is sometimes said that the trademark is a shiv in the back, he is a phenomenon. When jobs were scarce for him (as they were a few years ago) he didn't snipe at more successful singers. When a friend criticized an indifferent singer who had just signed a fat contract Koster said earnestly, "Don't knock him, he's working." When he



Koster is quick at changing garb to suit the song



Koster as a costermonger sings Standing On The Corner. Costume matches lyrics



Instantly an assistant helps Koster change. Three men may be needed for the job as when shoelaces are tied for dancing. Usually they are left loose



In seconds he's a postman to cap and bag to sing On the Street Where You Live



Infatuated with fire, Britain tested dozens of flame throwers. Goodeve helped but had little faith in them

The secret war of Charles Goodeve



Knighted for secret wartime work Manitoba born Goodeve is research leader in the British steel industry



From death rays to pillars of fire, they tried everything. Some helped win war

Flame-killer: This cable carrying rocket was among first projects of Goodeve's team of wizards. It was used by ships during air attacks. A parachute kept the cable aloft

BY GERALD PAWLE: FIRST OF THREE PARTS

In the desperate race against German weapons this Canadian was a brilliant innovator. With a small band of fellow wizards he helped devise the weirdest tools of war . . . some of them revealed here for the first time

Just after dawn one day in the first week of June 1940 a thirty six-year-old Canadian in the rumpled uniform of a lieutenant-commander RNVR walked down the hill from a house above the fortress at Dover and caught the first train to London. He was tired but jubilant. In his pocket was a note scribbled in the boyish handwriting of Vice Admiral James Somerville that not only gave him an *open sesame* to a fascinating world but set in motion top-secret events that helped hasten victory. This is the story of that Canadian and those events.

The Canadian was Charles Frederick Goodeve of Winnipeg, a former assistant lecturer at the University of Manitoba, later reader in physical chemistry at University College, London. The note in his pocket requested the Admiralty to appoint Goodeve immediately to the staff of the Inspector of Anti Aircraft Weapons and Devices. The inspector was Somerville himself, his small staff was in secret racing ahead with work on radar.

Somerville's parting words to Goodeve were: "Collect a small team and get to work on some of those ideas of yours. You'll have a free hand, but I want results and I want them soon." Goodeve was bubbling over with ideas for new weapons to beat the enemy so near on the Continent, and had spent most of the previous evening telling Somerville about them. Some of these schemes turned out to be flops; others were brilliantly successful. Goodeve later showed that he had the capacity to inspire inventiveness in others and, perhaps most difficult of all, he showed a genius for pushing an invention off the drawing board past dubious and conservative brass hats and armchair warriors into the factories and onto the battlefield.

In the ceaseless struggle for mastery between Allied and enemy scientists that Sir Winston Churchill dubbed the "wizard war" the triumphs of Goodeve's department—and other dedicated scientists in constant touch with it—are milestones in the Allies' slow but irresistible march to victory. Some of their inventions—as yet unused in war—will be described in this series of articles for the first time. Others won instant fame on their introduction. The floating Mulberry harbor that gave the D-Day invaders their first ports on the Continent was one major project. Plastic armor installed on ten thousand ships to save scarce steel armor plating was another. The Oerlikon anti-aircraft gun—dubbed the "Chicago piano" by U.S. gunners—was stalled in the development stages until Goodeve's team took it over. The list also includes the Hedgehog mortar which killed fifty U-boats; the fearsome rocket-firing landing-craft; vital assistance in the "earthquake bomb" experiments that led to the breaking of the Ruhr dams by Guy Gibson's famous dam busters.

Another measurement of the success of Goodeve's "small team"—it never numbered more than sixty—is that he is now Sir Charles Goodeve, director of the British Iron and Steel Research Association, with no fewer than nine sets of initials after his name attesting to his scientific and wartime achievements. These include an honorary doctorate in science from his University of Manitoba alma mater. Starting the war as lieutenant-commander RNVR he ended up with civilian status in the Admiralty equivalent to the rank of rear-admiral. Somerville, who died in 1949, also attained knighthood and the rank of admiral of the fleet.



Impatient with delays, Vice Admiral James Somerville, a radar expert, put Goodeve in charge of the navy's special weapons. His orders were: "I want results." He got them

Goodeve now lives in a London suburb with his wife, the former Janet Irene Wallace of Winnipeg, and their two sons, aged twenty and twelve. Born in Neepawa, Man., he has not lost the love of skating that he developed in his boyhood and has added dancing to his recreations. He was an intense, strong-willed youth, thought by some to be unsociable, older than his years—his hair was grey at nineteen. At the cottage built at Gull Harbor on Lake Winnipeg by his father, Canon F. W. Goodeve, young Charles developed a great love for sailing. One summer, with two teen-aged companions, he used the family boat to chart the flora and fauna of the lake on behalf of the government. He joined the Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve as soon as he could. In Winnipeg he walked seventeen blocks every day to university where he first studied electrical engineering, then switched to physical chemistry. He gained his MSc in 1927 and the same year won a scholarship that took him to London. There, he kept up his seamanship by transferring to the RNVR.

Goodeve's decision in June 1940 to board Admiral Somerville in his Dover den was typical of his blunt independence. He was at a crossroads. As a technical adviser at HMS Vernon, the torpedo and mining establishment at Portsmouth, he had played a brilliant part in conquering the magnetic mine that was imperiling Britain's command of the seas, but that work was done and he received a tip that he was slated for a boring job. So feeling almost naked with his thin two-and-a-half rings on his sleeve, he took his plans and dreams to the controversial Somerville.

The admiral was a kindred spirit. Invalided with suspected lung trouble he had kicked up such a fuss that the brow-beaten doctors passed him for limited employment.

Goodeve's early experiences at HMS Vernon had prepared him for two things that would dog him throughout his wartime career—the thin line that separates the genius from the crackpot in the field of invention, and the often infuriating difficulty in steering a new project through the IN and OUT baskets of Whitehall.

With the scientists racing against time to protect shipping against the magnetic mine, he had been called upon to investigate the wildest schemes. Typical of these was the following plan forwarded officially to the Admiralty by an influential member of one of the navy's most famous shore establishments:

It has been suggested that means of causing magnetic mines to explode harmlessly may be found by attaching small but strong permanent magnets to flat fish and distributing these fish over the sea bottom. The fish, moving in search of food, would, at short range, bring mines under the influence of a magnetic field and consequently cause explosion. The questions are: I, whether the influence of a magnet which would be carried by

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Man killer: The Cockatrice—a flame-throwing trench—was built during invasion threat. Before Dunkirk Goodeve's men beat magnetic mines by wiping ships' hulls with wires.



Sub-killer: This seagoing multiple mortar was called the [illegible] and fired twenty four bombs to a pattern at once. By the end of the war it had [illegible] German submarines.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 18, 1956



It Takes Women To Run a Railroad

Count Otto Stemhügel had the tracks
and the scenery,
but no train and no money.
Then he met Renee's rich admirer, and
the wackiest railroad you ever saw
was in business—almost

BY JOHN NORMAN HARRIS

Illustrated by Lou Hodges

It was **Elspeth Hunter** who told me that the headwaiter at the Scherzo Cafe was really an Austrian noble man of ancient family, and she added almost with a throb in her voice that it was marvelous how he retained all his vast dignity even after his lands, castles and paintings had been sheared away from him. So I knew at once that the Herr *Graf* Headwaiter was a likely candidate for lionhood at Elspeth's next party since she tends to collect interesting people.

The Scherzo Cafe is something new in Toronto, a place where you can buy twenty different kinds of coffee ranging from a dime per cup up, and a dozen different kinds of pastries which you consume in an authentic European atmosphere by the light of a guttering candle. After the evening shows you have to fight your way in because Europe in atmosphere is highly valued in Toronto.

Soon after Elspeth had entitled this information to me I fought my way into the place one evening and saw the noble man with my own eyes. He really was a noble-looking fellow — slender erect and wearing a white imperial and an eyeglass. You could imagine him sitting at the Imperial Council table with Metternich or conducting an intrigue with Talleyrand, and he therefore made a very adequate headwaiter in an establishment like the Scherzo. And what's more I found that I knew him.

Hello Otto, I said coolly.

He stood bolt upright like a startled rabbit and glared at me, then he bowed from the waist, seized my hand and greeted me with Old World courtliness.

Mr. Ramsay! he said. So greatly pleasing to see you once again and under so much happier conditions.

I agreed wholeheartedly. Our last meeting had been different. At that time he was a prison camp guard and I was one of his charges. He had been rather leaner then, and I had been skeletal. So I had no desire to punch him on the nose or make reprisals for atrocities he had committed. In fact Otto was probably the worst guard the Germans had. He brought us eggs and onions and information which he smuggled into Canadian cigarettes and chocolate. He was so useful to us that we saved him from being posted to the Russian front. We reasoned that he might be replaced by a more energetic and efficient guard to whom he told us that he was being sent to the front because of his general slackness, so we helped him by letting him find a little

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Beautiful peasant girls met the train at every village. Loudly and raised Otto. We brought them from Vienna.



Troubled farm wife, interviewed for a royal [illegible] tells a Saskatchewan fact-finder how she felt [illegible] days firmly she became vested in [illegible]

The desperate plight of the small farmer



Troubled experts meet at Moose Jaw. The author (centre) is director of agriculture school, University of Saskatchewan

For generations he was the most important man in Canada. Now he can't make a living. After a long and exhaustive study, this expert tells what's behind the tragedy and what probably lies ahead

Abandoned schools and homes are bleak signposts in the exodus from farms



Farm schools are closing as Saskatchewan's small farmers quit the land. A third of the province's one-room schools have already closed



Farm homes in great numbers are left to rot. Half of Saskatchewan's estimated hundred thousand farms are too small to work economically

BY W. B. BAKER as told to ROBERT COLLINS

Too many Canadians the most pathetic and puzzling figure in the country today is the small farmer. Yesterday he was the builder and backbone of our economy, the very prototype of Canada. Today although he still represents a large slice of the population, he finds himself on the social and economic fringe, frightened and seemingly forgotten. While most Canadians prosper, he complains that he can scarcely make a living. He doesn't dare think of the future.

To urban people it seems an illogical situation. Why is the farmer's income low? Is his problem any different from ones he has faced before? If farm life is so unrewarding why doesn't he quit?

As chairman of Saskatchewan's six-member royal commission on agriculture and rural life, I've lived with these questions for four years. Our assignment was to see what has happened in Saskatchewan farming since 1905. With a technical staff averaging twenty members, we pored over 300 briefs, circulated 1,676 questionnaires, studied reports of 660 rural-community forums attended by 18,000 people, sat in on 57 community hearings and held interviews with 1,900 Saskatchewan farmers and their wives. And we found a startling new Saskatchewan in the making.

The small farmer is in trouble. He is caught in the most abrupt and dramatic change in agricultural history, a change that was inconceivable twenty years ago. Since Saskatchewan is a wheat farming province easily adaptable to full-scale farm mechanization, the situation is most advanced here. But it also applies to the plains regions of Alberta and Manitoba. It will finally touch every farming area in Canada and indirectly our entire economy.

To put it bluntly, the small farm is obsolete. In today's mechanized agriculture the small farmer can't produce enough to keep up with his high fixed machinery costs, particularly when markets can't handle his products at a good price. As a result he has little income left over to allow his family a modern standard of living.

Already many small Saskatchewan farms have vanished. Between 1939 and 1951 forty thousand quarter-section and half-section farms were absorbed into eighty-five hundred farms of a section or more. There are now just over a hundred thousand Saskatchewan farms, but this number will decrease because half of those farms are still too small to farm economically under present conditions. In most years this means that fifty thousand Saskatchewan farmers are eking out a living on a gross income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year or less. They have fifteen thousand dollar or less capital investment in land, buildings and machinery whereas an adequate size farm should have a minimum of twenty thousand.

When you double the size of farms and almost halve the farm population in fifty years it calls for changes in almost every aspect of rural living. It costs more money in tax dollars to bring rural electrification to scattered farm homes, build all-weather roads, develop modern schools and maintain community organizations.

"Farmers must leave the land"

Thirty percent of the one-room schools in Saskatchewan have closed and more are closing. The country church is closing too. The new location is in the village. In many places this new neighborhood centre is also declining, the smaller farm population and mobility provided by the automobile increasing farmers to shift their patronage to larger towns. Seventy-five percent of Saskatchewan's towns and villages must accept the fact that with fewer people to serve they can't provide the better services modern rural buyers demand.

The small farmer blames most of his troubles on fluctuating wheat prices and lack of markets. These indeed are a major part of the problem. A farmer is certainly entitled to a fair price and evidently some support-price system is necessary.

But price support isn't the whole solution as farmers and farm organizations seem to think. We can't fix prices to suit every low-income farmer. There's a relatively new problem with more painful far-reaching social implications, a problem many small farmers refuse to face. Farms must expand and farmers must leave the land.

Already the exodus from the land has shaken rural Saskatchewan's social structure. Between 1939 and 1951 Saskatchewan's urban population increased by ninety thousand while rural population decreased by nearly two hundred thousand. It is impossible to accept the farm population economically because many farmers are classed as city dwellers. Of the approximately one hundred thousand Saskatchewan farmers twenty percent live away from the farm all or part of the time.

The trend away from the farm is not only inevitable but although this may sound callous, it's healthy. Eventually we'll see fewer farms but they'll be more productive and efficient and will provide better living for those who farm them. More people will be released for industrial jobs to produce more goods. There's nothing wrong with the trend in our cities can provide jobs for the ex-farmers.

The men most affected fall into four main categories. Farmers who've successfully made the adjustment; those who want to quit but don't dare; those who are already squeezed off the land and those who stay on in spite of financial and social handicaps.

One of the latter group is James Clerk, a short stocky man on a half section six miles west of Saskatoon. He bought his farm in the worst possible year—1930. He lost four sons in the war. He owns a small tractor, small unpainted buildings and four horses. Like most small farmers he hasn't enough land to make money from mechanized farming and he can't buy more land or better machinery until he does make money.

"I've been in debt ever since I came here," he says. "But I'm getting in the clear a little at a time. It's a living anyway."

Farming's living continued on page 36



How to tolerate in-laws

All you need is patience. Like me.

My wife's cousin is always provoking me — washing my car, buying me cigars, minding the kids. I tell you it's lucky I've got a forgiving nature

By Parke Cummings

DRAWING BY MANFRED GOTTHANS

When Virginia, my wife, told me that her cousin Charlotte intended to come here and visit us for a while I enquired "For how long?"

"I have no idea," said Virginia, "but I want you to be polite and courteous to her. I don't want any cracks about visiting relatives."

"Sweetheart," I assured her, "I would cut off my tongue before doing such a thing. No matter how much of a burden she turns out to be I promise to be the soul of patience and good nature."

Distasteful as it is for me to boast, I must report that I kept my promise in every respect—in spite of provocations that would have made a less easygoing man blow his top several miles into the air.

The first day that Charlotte arrived, Friday, she announced, "I'll buy all the food for the week end.

"Now, Charlotte," I told her, "there's no necessity for that."

"Don't be silly," she retorted. "I'll be glad to do it."

I don't like being crossed like that, but I kept my temper under admirable control. "If you insist," I told her courteously—"but please don't get anything fancy."

Accordingly, I was somewhat surprised when Charlotte returned with steak, lobster, a roast of lamb, mushrooms, fancy olives, imported cheeses, sundry French pastries and several bottles of vintage wine, but I said nothing to reprove her. And I remained equally silent when she proceeded to cook and serve the meals.

After the first one I volunteered: "The children and I will do the dishes now."

Not a bit of it," said Charlotte. "I will, and I'll wipe them too."

It was now obvious to me that Charlotte was one of those stubborn domineering women who likes to push people around, but once again I played the part of the perfect gentleman. "Well," I conceded, "you're our guest, and we want you to feel perfectly at home. If you run out of dish towels, Virginia will tell you where the clean ones are—and she'll show you where to put things away."

I then settled down in my favorite chair, lit up a cigar—one that Charlotte had bought me after sneakily prying out from me my favorite brand—and spent the rest of the evening watching television.

Charlotte was a very good cook. I had to admit—and pretty handy with mop, dust rag and vacuum cleaner—but I did keep wishing she wouldn't insist so much on taking charge. And Monday evening when I returned home I noted, with concern, that the situation had become aggravated. It was then that I caught her darning my socks and sewing sundry buttons on my clothes. "Now look here, Charlotte," I told her, "there's no earthly need of your doing all that—unless you feel like it."

Instead of answering directly, she changed the subject. "Have you any shoes that need polishing?" she asked.

"Two or three pairs," I said, trying to conceal my annoyance. "They're up in my closet. I'll fetch them."

Before I could take so much as a step she went upstairs and got the shoes. I felt like grumbling, "Can't a guy even go up and fetch his own shoes in his own house?" But again I held my temper, and announced. "The shoe polish is in the pantry closet—second shelf."

I could see that Charlotte had the bit in her teeth and was determined to assume complete control over us despite anything I could do. This became even more apparent the next day when she insisted on repainting my study. What made it really humiliating was that she bought and paid for all the paint as well as curtain and slipcover material which she subsequently converted into curtains and slipcovers. The fact that the room now looks gorgeous is I feel beside the point. The point is that I had distinctly told her not to do all this unless she got real enjoyment out of it.

You'll hardly believe what happened next. Several evenings later Virginia and I went out to dine at the Ruffled Grouse Restaurant. Charlotte having recommended it and reserved a table for us. She stayed home and got dinner for the kids. I didn't object when she insisted we drive her car there—a considerably newer and fancier model than ours—but what riled me was what happened when I got ready to pay the cheque.

"It's been taken care of," said the waiter.

I finally wormed out of him the fact that Charlotte had done this. Trying hard to keep calm, I enquired, "Does that include the tip too?"

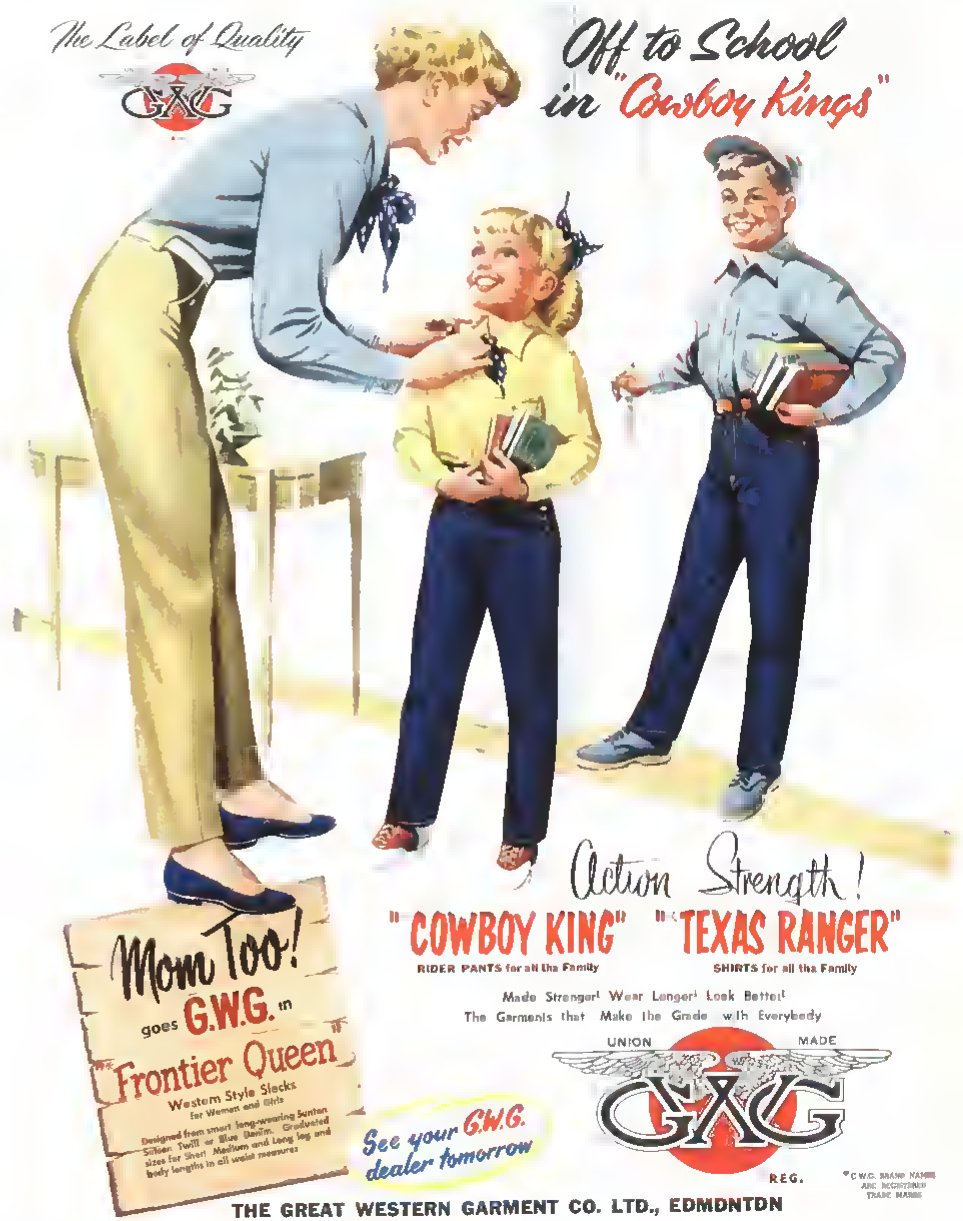
"Yes," he said.

When we got home I am afraid that, for the first time, I was a tiny bit rude to Charlotte. "You really shouldn't have done that," I told her.

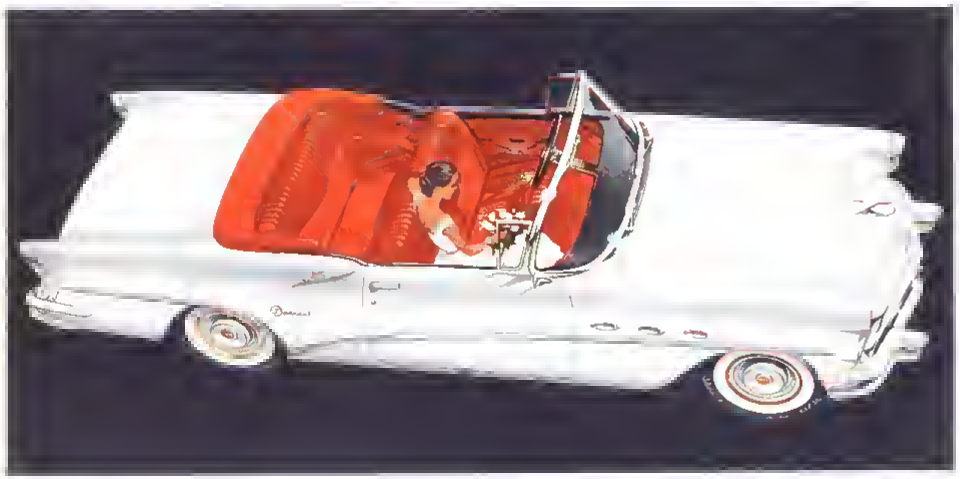
Well, that's how it went during her entire stay. She bought our kids clothes, records, toys and sporting goods they really didn't have to have, washed up our car, cleaned out our attic and put up new shelves in the kitchen, all despite my strong protests of. "No particular hurry about that," or, "Don't bother unless it's something you like to do."

But now she's gone, and I naturally find my self muttering, "Thank Heavens!"

—Although it does seem she could have stayed on one more day and split the rest of that firewood. If there's anything I hate it's a job half finished. ★







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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **The King and I** Yul Brynner as the taunting but tender-hearted king of Siam in the 1860s Deborah Kerr as a vain but English governess in his palace are brilliantly matched in the newest and finest of the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musical dramas to reach the screen Both performances are of Oscar winning calibre Lovely music a stirring story and rare visual splendor help make the film one of 1956's top attractions

The Last Ten Days Full of remorse and horror but almost totally free of hysterical overemphasis this is a spellbinding German dramatization of Hitler's final downfall and death Albin Skoda convincingly impersonates the title-mouthed Fuehrer

Moby Dick Herman Melville's famous novel about a satanic superwhale has been turned into a strong and eye filling movie by John Huston although the mystic overtones in the story are still far from easy to interpret Gregory Peck does reasonably well as Captain Ahab the leviathan obsessed pursuer

Stranger at My Door A lonely preacher a homicidal young outlaw and a ferocious wild horse are the main figures in a fair-enough offbeat western With Macdonald Carey Skip Homeier

That Certain Feeling Some very funny scenes and a few biting wisecracks alternate with too ugly slow episodes and a general air of overeffort in the latest Bob Hope comedy It has to do with comic strip geniuses and their zany cosmos Good cast includes Eva Marie Saint George Sanders Pearl Bailey

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

An Affair to Remember (Dufell comedy) Fair
The Animal World Nature story Fair
Anything Goes Musical Good
Autumn Leaves Drama Good
Away All Boats War action Fair
Bhowani Junction Indian drama Fair
The Birds & the Bees Comedy Fair
The Bold and the Brave War Good
Carousel Musical Good
The Colored Alibi Drama Good
Comanche Western Fair
The Come-On Crime and spy Poor
The Court Jester Comedy Excellent
The Day the World Ended Drama Poor
D-Day the Sixth of June Wartime romance Fair
The Eddie Duchin Story Musical biography Fair
French Cancan Musical-drama Good
Gaby War romance Fair
Geordie Scottish comedy Good
The Great Locomotive Chase Civil War adventure Good
The Harder They Fall Drama Good
Hilda Crane Drama Fair
Johnny Concho Western Good
Josephine and Men Comedy Poor
Jubal Western drama Good
The Killing Crime drama Excellent
The Ladykillers Comedy Good
Leather Saint Comedy-drama Fair
Lucky Kids London drama Fair
Magic Fire Musical biography Fair
The Man Who Knew Too Much Crime and suspense Very good
The Man Who Never Was Espionage thriller Excellent
Meet Me in Las Vegas Comedy with music and ballet English
Nightmare Mystery melodrama Fair
Now and Forever Romantic comedy Fair
On the Threshold of Space Fictional science thriller Good
Our Miss Brooks Filmed Fair
Pallisers Business drama Good
The Price of Fear Drama Poor
The Proud and Profane Story of war romance Fair
Ransom! Suspense drama Good
Richard III Shakespeare Topps
The Searchers Western Fair
Slaves and Lovers Comedy Good
Sun in the Dust Western Fair
The Swan (romantic) comedy Excellent
A Town Like Alice Drama Fair
Trapeze Circus drama Good
Tribute to a Bad Man Western Good
23 Paces to Baker Street Mystery and suspense Good
Wille the City Sleeps Newspaper and crime drama Fair



Head-On Smash-Up Takes Father of Two



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"Otto," I said, "I must know about your railway. Otherwise I will denounce you and humiliate you."

tunnel which we had decided to blow him. When inform the Grand Transcontinental not only decided to keep him but also made him an Untergeneral.

Nothing in my foot! I said to Elspeth when next I saw her. "The fellow was a lieutenant waiter in Vienna."

"Now aren't you hasty, cynical unbelieving type," she said. "Always pulling something down! I have a good mind not to ask you on Friday—Grand Chinchilla is coming, *and* Lord Charles Purbank."

If Elspeth has a fault it is a slight weakness for lethal foregrants. If she had invited a dozen cross sharks probably would have emitted them by the dozen.

"Purbank! Who's he," I demanded.

"He's an English horticultural expert and been coming in judge the dahlias and things in the flower show. We met him on the boat two years ago. Now try to tell me, *dear*, in plain English, honestly have a spill! How really a dear in his humbling way."

Luckily I didn't get a chance to complain my debunking, because I don't really like to kill romance and it turned out Lord Charles Purbank was able to contribute the *last jules* of the Grand van Steinhugel to the complete satisfaction of almost everyone.

They met in Elspeth's living room and it was a reunion of old friends.

Steinhugel, my dear fellow," Lord Charles cried, the minute he laid eyes on Otto. "Good it must be thirty years—but I'd know you anywhere. Jolly nice running into you like this—I mean small world, what?"

Von Steinhugel bowed and expressed his pleasure though in a slightly stiff manner.

Old business associates of mine," Lord Charles explained to those around. Are you still in the railway business?"

No longer," Otto explained gaily. "I am in the restaurant business and I have reached the rank of headwaiter. I hope instead to carry a napkin on my arm with the best *Three Ohnes* of Europe."

He laughed so infectiously that everyone joined in although Lord Charles added that it was jolly hard times chap having to take up a thing like that in life. But the *Graf* would have none of it—life was not to go for him. I recollect so that Elspeth was deeply moved.

Otto was able to his present only for a hasty visit to Brussels, he had to turn up at the Scherzo for the afternoon and after he left Lord Charles Purbank gave us a little of his history.

Remarkable chap," he said. No end of a big bug in the Austrian railways. With threat get him to run the blasted secessionist railways if human knows how to do it you know. They really do run well on the railways in Austria. I shall never forget one trip I made with Steinhugel — absolutely in real life really."

What in the world was that?" some body asked.

Blessed if I can remember the name," he said. And I should because I was mainly chairman of the beastly thing."

"Where did the railway run?" I asked him.

"Oh in Austria—through mountains. Magnificent country. Bad Ems and Karlsbad—you know little places. Heaps of jolly nice girls in peasant costumes and the food and wine they served us there from was absolutely incredible. Unforgettable experience."

What became of the railway?"

Oh—inflation—that sign of money—decline in interest trade—general economic conditions, and all that. It went bankrupt finally. Pity. It was a dashed good railway if I do say so. People seemed to blame me for the fiasco, but I pointed out with indefensible logic, that I had certainly done my part when I was selling the beastly debentures and that sort of thing to British investors. I certainly sold it not judging by all the people who were after my scalp after words. I mainly hid in gas and live in the Pyrenees for a year or so."

Lord Charles had later found his niche as a gardening expert and was actually writing a gardening column for a weekly magazine so for the rest of the evening the talk was of dahlias and gilly flowers when I would for rather have heard about the railway.

So I took pains to get hold of Otto and pump him further about his railway interest. He agreed to come down town on the railway and meet me for lunch at an exclusive open-air restaurant namely the Island ferry. You buy some sandwiches at a dairy farm and possibly a bottle of milk and consume them on the ferryboat going to Centre Island. When you get there you sit on a bench and smoke a cigar until the next ferry comes when again you return to your office. It is the greatest luxury that downtown Toronto affords on a man August day and costs about eighty cents all in.

"Otto" I said when we had found a seat on deck. As I told you I demand to know all about your railway deal with Lord Whatsit. Otherwise I will expose you denounce you publicly humiliate you."

"Ah! Blackmail," he said cheerfully. Well I don't mind I will tell all as they say. It was all so long ago—it was a different world. I met Lord Charles in a night club in Vienna and rescued him from an embarrassing situation. He had asked a lady to drink champagne with him and unfortunately she had accepted. Her husband was a knife thrower in one of the acts and she was the lady at whom he threw his knives. He was furious. I intervened — I knew him well. Later that night I conveyed Lord Charles back to his hotel in a helpless and hopeless state."

Promising start," I said.

Indeed it was. As I was going through his wallet I came across his card and I drew in my breath. He appeared to be the very man whom my acquaintance in the railway business were seeking.

Was the knife thrower one of them?"

Of course. His name was Hans. We were partners in all things. I used to admire his fiery temper when gentlemen made overtures to his wife—she wasn't really his wife she was his sister except for business purposes. I would make him a handsome present of money which I collected from the gentleman and he would return half.

A nice little business, I said. How does it tie in with railroading?

Oh—he said "The railway. It was called the Bad Kurzhall Eisenbahn Gesellschaft mit Beschränkter Haftung and I was bankrupt. Another partner of mine found that we could get control of it almost for the asking, but the trouble was what to do with it. To be frank it is no damn good."

Something of a drawback, I suggested.

No. Otherwise how could we have got hold of it? So I invited him to directors luncheon which he was still in Vienna. I told Charles. I mean—and I explained all about our diplomatic. We were frank cronies, and we were very impressed only Hans the knife thrower could not be present for obvious reasons. I was not a control then only *Hochwohlgeborener Herr Grafmund von* Steinhugel and I was managing director. I thought Bad Kurzhall I offered the chairmanship to my noble English friend and he was really touched. He accepted with tears in his eyes. And what is more he was a man of ideas."

No."

Yes—I remember he said. By putting it with in self inducement and what not in England we shall have to do something about the name—can't call it Bad Kurzhall you know have to make it Good Kurzhall."

We all nodded sagely and said that we could tell we picked the right man. So we changed the name to the Kurzhall and Anshutz Eisenbahn. We gave him all kinds of books on railways to read and briefed him very thoroughly. His job was to go to England and float a debenture issue. Three debentures were to be for capital expansion, rolling stock and other things. For this purpose we had to have a prospectus printed on expensive paper and it had to be good. And *Graf* von Steinhugel was rolling his head Lord Charles did it almost all by himself—we only inspired him."

He is still inspired when he talks about it. I said "He wants you to go and run the combined railways of Greater Britain. How did you manage it?"

Ah—there is the story, he said. By now we were sitting on a bench beneath one of Centre Island's elms. We took him for a tour of our right-of-way. He inspected the entire system. And we left nothing to chance.

FIRST of all we were able to rent the private train of the old Emperor Franz Josef for a very low figure. Their was a lawyer on our board who handled that. The furnishings were the height of luxury. We told him this was the chairman's private train with which end day he could hire all Europe. It cost us something to paint it up and get it in condition. We stocked it with the finest wines and the finest foods. And for his added comfort we hired a special housekeeper or laundress to supervise the arrangements.

And who was she?" I asked.

Oh she was a totally unknown to me and Charley had recalled to me that there was Miss Mulloy, Rance Mulloy who was a dancer at Lehar's. The Trocadero whom he admired more than any other girl in the world. We wired Miss Mulloy a generous offer all expenses paid if she would accept the job as housekeeper during the tour of inspec-

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tion She accepted without the slightest delay You can scarcely imagine his delight when he climbed aboard the train and saw her there!"

I admitted that imagination boggled at the scene

So we were away for a happy trip" he continued "I will always remember that trip! By the time we got going it was spring,—ah!—those mountain slopes the villages the wine."

Lord Whitsil seems to have happy memories of it too I said

"And so he should! We helped him write the prospectus, but Lord Charles put in the poetical parts of it He told how he traveled for six days on that railway going from one end to the other He described every station every village and the lovely Tyrolean girls in their colorful peasant costumes who rushed out and sang on the platforms when we stopped He described the magnificent of the rolling stock—by a strange coincidence, he mentioned that it was exactly of an emperor He said the food on the train was equal to the cuisine of the finest hotels in Vienna (Rudi the chef at the Metropole was given shares in the railway for coming along.)

"But why should I tell you all this? Lord Charles tells it so much better Here I brought along the prospectus Handle it carefully it is the only copy known to be in existence"

He handed me a prospectus an the cover of which there appeared an excellent lithograph of a Tyrolean scene with a railway winding its way around mountains Inside there were halftone sheets and plans and a historical sketch of the line There were impressive photographs of the directors—a whole page was devoted to Lord Charles and Otto's picture was alone sufficient to inspire confidence in an investing public

But the main feature of the book was a charmingly informal little article entitled Memoir of an Inspection Tour by the Chairman

I was met by the directors and the senior operating officials at the terminus of the line this Lordship stated in part and was most impressed with the painstaking attention to detail with which the train was organized No effort was spared to provide every comfort for the official party

"She was extravagantly pretty" Otto said dreamily

and the chief engineer was most emphatic in giving instructions that all should go according to schedule

"He was not the chief engineer" Otto said He was the fellow who muted all the tablecloths and silver from an cradle and he insisted on being taken along so he could keep his eye on them

As Shakespeare has said 'The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley'" I continued reading aloud) and it was both pitiful and amusing to witness the embarrassment of the officials when the train would not start at the scheduled time It appeared that mechanical trouble had developed in the locomotive which was bad luck when every effort was being made to make a good show for the chairman! But the speed with which repairs were affected and the train put in motion bespoke a high state of efficiency in the maintenance department

"We wanted him to leave that part out but he could be very stubborn" Otto said "The mechanical trouble was the coal merchant wanting cash We had no coal in the tender but I persuaded him to give us credit by inviting him to join the party so all went well We got over eighty letters mostly from clergymen pointing out that it was Ruth not Shakespeare that said that thing about the mice."

The line wanders through valleys and along mountainsides where the view is ever changing ever more magnificent and yet there is something strangely uniform about it (the green pastures mentioned) and every village with its little *Bahnhof* its picturesque *Gasthaus* has its bevy of charming peasant girls, who rush to the platform to welcome one with songs and garlands of flowers! Imagine the embarrassment of a phlegmatic and respectable English gentleman when attacked by these maidens all striving to kiss him!"

He hated it" Otto said "but he put up with it though his sense of duty"

In sidings along the right of way I counted scores of goods vans loaded with wine in casks, cheeses cattle leather and other goods the products of the industrious peasantry to the prosperous mountain region and the officials informed me that there is still a great field for expansion

"Which was perfectly true" Otto said

The standard of maintenance of the stations is high and might put many of our own English country stations to shame At every station one finds clean freshly painted signs neatly indicating the name of the village

"There was a very good restaurant" Otto said "You see, the line only went for eighty kilometres—about fifty miles—and there were only five stations So we had main painting new signs all the time Naturally they were fresh All those goods vans too, they went the same route and over We paid a peasant to drive his cows into them whenever he saw the train coming back We went up and down that line I don't know how many times!

"There was a train running ahead of us too—the one that carried the Tyrolean peasant girls we brought from Vienna for the trip That was the train that the royal merchant wanted to ride on They were lovely girls too The advance train would come to a station put out the mats with the new station sign, put the girls on the platform and then move into a siding until the local ceremonies were over Then we would get Lord Charles back on board and pour a whiskey and soda to hold things up till the girls could run ahead to their train

"Sometimes we slept on the train some nights we would stay at a hotel but all the time there was party His Lordship had a remarkable capacity When we wrote the prospectus he was very pink-headed and had to have his article on just the way he wrote it We thought it would be terrible but it made quite a sensation in England"

HOW about Miss Molloy?" I asked "You never said anything about her"

Oh that was very romantic" he said "Affair couple days Miss Molloy got run on one side and said What's the game? Christ like that! I told her she was getting her money—cash too—and about mind her own business but she kept at me What's the game? She could tell the peasant girls were the same at every station but not Charley And that girl —so lovely too—she tried to blackmail us. Us!

"I asked her what she wanted, Charley she said He needs a wife to protect him from scoundrels like you and I'm just the girl for the job I always wanted to be a lady! She said I had to help her or she'd spill the gaff! Well she didn't need much help They were married at the British Embassy in Vienna when we got back And they lived happily ever after"

End they?

Natürlich! When I was a guard in that camp there was one of your people would get the English society magazines and I saw them In one of them one day I saw a big picture of Renee—Lady Charles Fairbank—in a big floppy hat with gld gloves and a pair of schnippers, trimming things in her garden"

And what about the inheritance?"

"Oh Charley sold a lot of them in London He was very secret which is half the battle as the Americans say But unfortunately that lawyer in our syndicate he was a crook"

"No!" I said

Yes he ran off with most of the money and left us with a railway There was a lot of trouble in England about it and Charley had to get out for a while So did I He went to Spain I heard and I went to Algeria with the French Foreign Legion I would have been better to stay and do my time in prison"

Hey!" I said Here goes another ferry I've got to get back to the office Come on down to the deck What are you going to do now Otto—remain a headwaiter on an ocean going back in the railway business here?

"Well" he said "I am a good waiter I was a mess waiter at the general staff of the *K und K* army in nineteen hundred fourteen And I am also a railway executive The CPR says its revenues are falling off—I might get the job to be their representative with the Board of Transport Commissioners I could take them on a little trip through the Rocky Mountains maybe! Would you come along?"

"Which train do I get to ride in?" I said "I borrows to ride up front with the peasant girls"

"Ah they were neat nice girls," he said But I don't think there is a place for me on the railway business here I am busying the uranium-mining business I think there may be scope in it for my talents."

I assured him that there was ample scope and we caught the ferry and returned

A few days later I ran into Elspeth downtown, and she seized my elbow in a vicelike grip

Will the wise cynic!" she said "I only knew the one who was trying to tell me that Otto von Steinhüpel was a phoney Now wasn't it luck that Lord Charles Fairbank turned up? He knew the facts —so don't you be so quick to blacken a man's character again"

"Elspeth," I said "I was wrong I will hereby humbly that Otto is a truly noble character and Lord Charley can vouch for the facts—all the facts But let me give you one up if you find Consolidated Steinhügel among the untried uranium stocks invest cautiously double and read between the lines of the prospectus"

Now whatever gnomic septuagint thought lies behind that silly sentiment?" she asked But I had broken her grip and I smiled away into the crowd ★



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This company is one of fourteen major operating subsidiaries of Dominion Tar & Chemical Company, Limited which supply products ranging from asphalt shingles to salt. Such diversification means stability in Dominion Tar & Chemical's operations, and scope for Dominion Tar & Chemical employees.

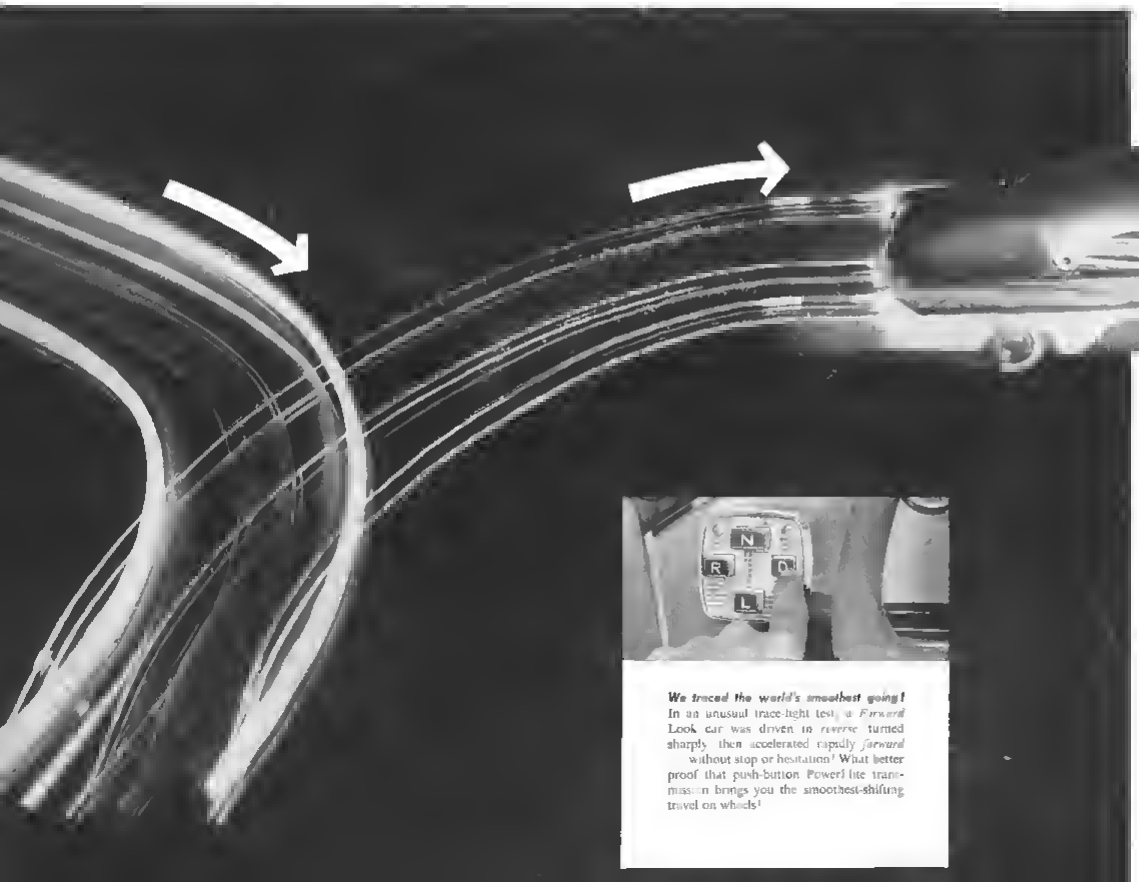


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DOMINION TAR & CHEMICAL COMPANY, LIMITED

How the cars of the *Forward* Look bring you features of the future...today!



We traced the world's smoothest going! In an unusual trace-light test, a *Forward* Look car was driven in *reverse* turned sharply, then accelerated rapidly *forward* without stop or hesitation! What better proof that push-button PowerFlite transmission brings you the smoothest-shifting travel on wheels!

Dramatic tests at the world's largest proving grounds prove the future has already arrived for owners of Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, Imperial

A light touch of your finger, a slight turn of the wheel, and the ideas of tomorrow become instant reality when you're in the driver's seat of a car with the *Forward* Look.

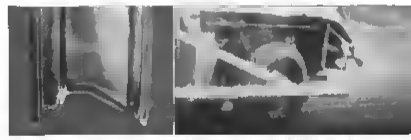
For here, today, throughout the *Forward* Look family, you find advancements so modern many are still only drawing board dreams to other manufacturers. *Exclusive* advancements like push button PowerFlite, *full-time* power steering, centre-plane brakes and Safety-Rim wheels. All these and more were conceived, developed and perfected in Chrysler Corporation's vast facilities for science and research.

Here you see graphic illustration of this most modern way to drive — in a series of extraordinary tests that go far beyond the bounds of your normal driving needs. We do these things for one reason — to make sure that no matter when *Forward* Look car you buy, it will more than meet any demands you place upon it — will give you a feeling of poise and confidence in driving such as you've never known before.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED



We measure safety in split seconds! Control panel locked [illegible] in panic-stop emergency stops from 60 m.p.h., *Forward* Look cars stopped from 10 to 20 feet shorter than other makes. With *Forward* Look cars, most safety features are accident-prevention features.



We tried to tear the tires off! In Chrysler Research [illegible] speed with roll-over outrigger wheels on high speed [illegible] the seating side skid. Time after time [illegible] With *Forward* Look cars, most safety features, such as [illegible] tures.



We lock the doors to danger! Up [illegible] ed and tilt, lower at high speed. Yet thousands [illegible] tragedy. Instead of the [illegible] keep the doors locked. They [illegible] it open! With *Forward* Look cars, most safety features [illegible] tures at no extra cost.

You're always a step ahead of tomorrow in the cars of the Forward Look

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

A smart new *DRESS* for a fine old *WHISKY*

You'll doubly appreciate Corby's Special Selected Whisky in its new elegant blue and gold carton. This luxury whisky is available from coast to coast.





The desperate plight of the small farmer

Continued from page 25

"Poor roads in winter, no neighbors, no phones"

[illegible]



Who is it?

She rules the roost where [illegible] page [illegible]



This lovely kitchen in beautiful soft Dawn Yellow centers around a 54-inch Diana Cabinet Sink, one of many Youngstown Kitchens models from 24" to 66" wide. Youngstown Kitchens decorator-selected colors of Dawn Yellow, Meridian Blue, Star White and Sunset Copper will blend perfectly with your own color scheme, as well as with other new colored appliances.



Rotary Corner base cabinet has shelves that turn to bring wanted items up front.

Why you see quality-built Youngstown Kitchens in thousands of the finest new homes



Your whole family will benefit from the Youngstown Kitchens Jet Tower* Dishwasher. Washes 25% more dishes, including pots and pans—gets them sparkling clean. A full 30 inches wide, yet costs no more than smaller models.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



New Youngstown-Tappan built-in ovens and surface cooking units (gas or electric) match other units. You get more freedom than ever before in planning for cooking facilities.

Only Youngstown Kitchens give you so much convenience, such beautiful colors . . . so many features that add to the value of your home!

This week end, why not visit the model homes in your community? You'll find a *world* of exciting new ideas—like the beautifully styled Youngstown Kitchens, for example—you'll see them in more fine homes than ever before!

Why? They're built for lasting pleasure—of lifetime steel that will never warp, rot, swell or absorb odors. They're so flexible that every plan is a *custom* plan—every kitchen a personal kitchen. And, of course, builders know the home with a Youngstown Kitchen keeps its value longer!

Take a hint from leading builders. Whether you buy or modernize, don't settle for less than a Youngstown steel Kitchen!

Youngstown Kitchens
Dept. ME 856, Warren, Ohio
Please send me the [illegible] book on Youngstown Kitchens. I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing.
NAME (Please print) ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ ZONE ____
COUNTY ____ PROVINCE ____

Youngstown Kitchens
Division of AMERICAN-Standard

FOR THAT NEW HOME LOOK

Youngstown Kitchens sold in the United States, Canada and most parts of the world. Check the Yellow Pages of your phone book or call OPERATOR 25, Western Union for name of your nearest Youngstown Kitchens dealer.

'Viyella'

SOCKS FOR MEN

"WASH AS WOOL IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE"

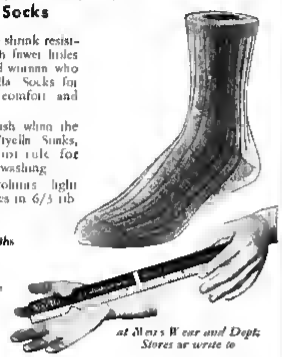
For ultimate foot comfort, appearance and washability, nothing equals 'Viyello' Ankle Socks

Because Viyella Socks are shrink resisting they wear longer with fewer holes and less darning. Men and women who buy for men know Viyella Socks for their outstanding value comfort and fastness to

Sock washing worries vanish when the men in the house wear Viyella Socks, as each pair carries a front rule for measuring before and after washing

In black, white, plain colours light shades and heather mixtures in 6/5 rib

in Ankle and Standard Lengths



'Viyella' is entirely British made—the yarn is spun by William Hollins & Company Ltd. manufacturers of Viyella since 1784 and the socks are knitted to perfection at Great Britain.

at Men's Wear and Dept. Stores or write to

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.
266 KING ST. W. TORONTO

5-30



ment of the labour Perhaps a hired man helps out at harvest or seeding but in spite of larger farms hired labor has sharply decreased

3 *The farm provides a reasonable income* in addition to the produce the family raises for itself We consider a gross income of twenty five hundred dollars a year or less inadequate

4 *The farmer is renting must have a secure until defined rental agreement* Too many rental agreements are verbal short term and with no legal provision for improvements

Only forty-three percent of Saskatchewan farms qualify as family farms under these rules

Contrary to popular opinion only three percent are working farms too large But although huge farms are rare small farmers still blame the large landholdings for many of their troubles I was astonished at the bitterness the commission found behind remarks like "The big shots are grabbing all the land" or "We're building a province of land barons." At one of our central Saskatchewan meetings an embarrassed farmer stood up and apologized to his neighbors for owning more land than they

How the small farmer must face the facts It's *his* farm that needs readjustment But where will he get more land? We've settled most of the arable soil Every year some four thousand would-be Saskatchewan farmers compete with established farmers for the assumed twenty five hundred farms that go on the market

At the same time, the situation is further complicated by the established but incompetent farmers. They must leave the land if any solution is to be reached Here an agency perhaps governmental operated should help such men plan an orderly retreat to the city The National Employment Service lists jobs for those who apply but its service doesn't go far enough Many farmers have never heard of NES and have no access to its offices We should take detailed information on city jobs, wages and living costs and contribute to the farmer In many instances vocational training and grants for moving will be needed

If such men are helped into city jobs vacated land will open up for the capable small farmer as the capable beginner As assuming that we find a way to stabilize farm income through price measures and crop insurance these farmers will next need credit to buy more land and machinery

The Veterans Land Act has done a good job but for veterans only Short term loans are available from rural credit unions or under the Farm Improvements Loan Act from banks but these are for farm improvements The Canadian Farm Loan Board provides funds for purchase of land, but its policies are not designed to be of much help to low-income farmers. Father-son partnerships are usually verbal and often end in discord. One man told the commission "When the deal ended Dad took the farm and I got the road." Credit is usually not available to encourage useful partnerships Banks aren't popular with low income farmers, they say It's too hard to get credit when you really need it

What the farmer needs is a supervised national farm credit program sponsored by the federal government and patterned after the VLA It would incorporate the best features of all existing loan schemes It would not be easy credit mandalites would have to show good managerial ability and access to a minimum of working capital But to those qualified I would supply fixed and working capital for established farmers, beginners, men on uneconomic farms men who want to start other occupations and for father son partnerships—on terms adapted to the needs of agriculture.

Speaking of father son partnerships reminds me of the Rugg family of Elstow thirty-one miles southeast of Saskatoon —a family that *doesn't* need help James Rugg pink-cheeked cheerful and seventy two has savored every minute of his long farming career A former instrument maker from London England he walked from Saskatoon to his Elstow quarter section behind a team of oxen in 1904

Since 1914 he has specialized in registered seed grain With a hand built up a farm of eight hundred acres. When his three sons were old enough to work he paid them the going wage instead of doling out occasional pocket money

The oldest put himself through university and is now a government agricultural representative After World War II army veteran Bill now thirty-seven and air force veteran Barry thirty two each bought a half section from their father under the VLA Barry took a two-year course in agriculture The boys with their families now farm the entire eight hundred acres. Each has a house made Rugg's homestead shelterbelt of cottonwood spruce and willow Rugg now retired in Saskatoon pays each a monthly salary and an even share of the profit

How to keep boys on the farm

Farmers as a class don't pay enough attention to educating their children—educating them for whatever farming or for other work if they decide to or have to leave the farm In all Saskatchewan only about thirty three percent of the children who complete grade six go on to finish grade twelve (That's eight percent fewer than in Alberta ten percent fewer than in Manitoba and twenty percent fewer than in B C) Only eight percent of them go to university Five percent graduate and less than one percent go into post-graduate work

For rural areas alone the percentage is even lower In 1950 the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education discovered that sixty-three percent of all Canadian farmers' sons do not complete high school. This was the third highest incidence of "drop-outs" in Canada exceeded only by the sons of semi-skilled and unskilled laborers

Some farmers discourage rather than encourage a high school education Not long ago a farmer with two sons—one eighteen with a grade-eight education the other twenty three with a grade ten education—came to me with a question

How can I keep my boys on the farm? he asked He had a half section of land and twenty years ahead of him before retirement Yet he was downright hostile when I suggested that his boys get more education and leave the farm

That man is thinking, in terms of 1920 not 1956 There is no longer a place on the land for every boy and girl. Fifty to sixty percent of them must now leave the farm every year Without an education they end up unemployed or with unskilled laboring jobs in the city

But many small farmers have great difficulty financing a child's education. And you can't blame a man for wanting to keep his sons on the farm in for fearing an alien world of streetcars foremen and lunch pails

There are opportunities for a far better farm life in this new agriculture but it calls for difficult adjustments No one likes change Any way you look at it it's a tough time for the small farmer—particularly if we leave him to sink or swim ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

"All the probleme of frightened people are guaranteed solutions"

successful in singing commercials. Peale, for example extols repetitious emphasis" Both methods thus points They mood anything that might offend or require the slightest effort to understand They use without flinching the most blatant appeals And they promise without stint.

With boisterous salesmanship Dr Peale assures his readers that there is no such thing as failure that his "perfected and amazing method" is certain to work for the reader as it has worked for everyone exposed to "these techniques" All the problems of frightened people are offered guaranteed solutions

Both men paint life in black and white as in TV commercials Have you ever noticed that the only time anyone smiles on television is during a commercial? The rest of life in soap operas and news is described as so horrible that the only way to get through it is to buy that product Always never worry or grin for Life Heaven and Hell brought up to date So Graham warns of fire and brimstone Peale of bankruptcy Solution buy their packaged methods.

Both men are masters of audiences Both are poised and handsome especially Graham who has about him a 4 H Club vitality During his crusade in Britain one columnist wrote "Heaven is being promised by a figure who might easily have a five year contract with MGM Coca Cola and corn flakes have been magically transformed into the bread and the wine

Graham did not become widely famous until 1949 when he converted a cowboy singer and a whoopee This is the kind of thing newsmen can't ignore Until then he was little known outside of the South which has produced more than its share of evangelists and merely accepted Billy as another His theology was simply the Gospel as the hill people had known it for a long long time Mostly they took to Billy because they believed he has the power "

The fact that this belief is shared by a number of other Americans is primarily due to his use of mass media When I heard him speak in Toronto this was what impressed me most For Graham was a walking electronic device He was plugged into every one of our communication lines. What was being sold was a public symbol backed by the churches and gaily packaged by TV radio and press As any slick salesman knows you can sell any product if you employ the right techniques and don't disturb the status quo

Such merchandise belongs on the same shelf as self help books, those little fix-it kits for cracks in the psyche These books work in the suggestive twilight of abnormal psychology and supernatural revelation Like Dr Peale they attempt a brotherly reconciliation between psychoanalysis and religion They have influence because they allegedly carry the combined authority of the Bible and medical psychiatry

These are the How to books—How to Be Happy in so many lessons How to Conquer Your Handicaps How to Stop Worrying and Start Living How to Get Rid of Fear and Fatigue. How to Remember They belong to those great American traditions of self confidence and know how of self reliance and faith that "will and "mind" can overcome any obstacle—"You can do anything You can be anyone! More glib than critical they are full of good sheer defiant optimism, and breath taking oversimplification

The fashion today prescribes psychoanalysis and we've all become psychosophisticated There is even a new psychonormal book for children called Dr Seuss Adjustment In June issue Dr Adjustment literally walks through the subconscious mind of a young man and finds an Infernally complex and sad Ah that is very important in his character Then he uncovers successively claustrophobia "amorphobia "a guilt complex and finally an early experience that made him think his mother didn't love him." Of course Siggie cures him

Now I do not mean to ridicule the goal of these works Nor is their unscientific nature valid grounds for criticism As the healing powers of Lourdes and Mary Baker Eddy bear witness psychotherapy is where you find it But what disturbs me are the unrealistic solutions offered

That this disturbs others too I know



Residence of Mr. Marcel D'Amour, Town of Mount Royal. Architect: Mr. G. LeBorgne

GLASS by Pilkington

OPENS NEW VISTAS OF BEAUTY AND COMFORT



Superb Pilkington mirrors and the glass topped table blend harmoniously into the crisply modern setting they help to create

Modern architecture puts major emphasis on lightness grace and generous window areas And with Thermopane insulating, Window Units at his command the architect can develop this forward trend in a practical functional way For Thermopane resists all the difficulties usually associated with large glass areas misting, frosting condensation and downdrafts. And because Thermopane really *insulates* important fuel savings are made in modern homes such as this beautiful Mount Royal residence

Mr. H. Rea, Architect



This diagram shows how Thermopane seals dry insulating air between two panes of plate glass

Pilkington GLASS

PILKINGTON GLASS LIMITED'S HEAD OFFICE 165 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO

For last fall even CBC I got a radio broadcast on the subject and the resulting mail most of it favorable was phenomenally high The broadcast was about this cult of contentment Often it was recorded I thought nothing much about it until letters arrived by the hundreds The CBC mimeographed the talk and distributed it It went reprinted in the CBC Times later in The Anglican Out look and in half a dozen newspapers It was broadcast over television

What it said was essentially what I have said above

An air-conditioned conscience is clean contented and backed by a growing number of psychologists and evangelists But it sailed off from life unbalanced by any sense of social responsibility

According to the apostles of optimism no one body can be happy unless they be happy and if he isn't happy then he should be happy because he isn't happy As for teaching us how to get on with other people they preach a kind of Machiavellianism not for princes but for the little man Somehow they manage to convey the idea that you can be selfish as long as you persuade yourself that you give service to others In personal relations you are taught to be cunning and diplomatic They inculcate not the fact that four million people bought the late Dale Carnegie's How to Win Friends and Influence People a book that has justly been called an agglomeration of wrestling detailfulness the glitter-gentle in bootlicking and insincerity the adaptation of the cheapest trickery of supersalesmanship to human relations

All problems are not mental and success cannot be achieved by simply willing it This is the sort of optimism with which life neither up in the air and But meanwhile unhappy people who have no other solution keep taking bigger and bigger doses of it to still the growing realization that they'll never be cured that way They keep filling themselves and others that if each man makes peace with himself then all of life's problems will automatically be solved It's that old solution In thine own self be true written by Shakespeare in satire but accepted by so many as a way of life Yet man must be true not only to himself but to others as well which is the greater integrity

Why did this talk create so much comment? Clearly it was neither the subject nor style for all this has been said before I think part of the appeal lay in the fact that it was a frank treatment made by the mass media Little that is challenging slips through these nets

A man from reason was recently vetoed by the Church of England newspaper "That there is a solution to the present spiritual problem we firmly believe Dont Billy Graham has it we gravely doubt" Those who feel this way are troubled by the fact that Graham crowd pleases audiences do after all exist And mass cult is not tolerated If you do not agree you do not disagree with Billy Graham You disagree with God

There is no doubt that many of these sermons and books contain grains of common sense Dr finds it hard—in some cases sacrilegious—to quarrel with any single statement One statement by Graham I found deeply moving Concepts like Peale's self-emptying aspect of worshipful meditation might have been formulated by a Jesus or a Gandhi

But these leaders believed what they said while Dr Peale appears not to know in his own words *There is a solid* religious growth as an end in itself to Dr Peale it is little more than a means to such goals as money success power vacations on Waikiki Beach and popularity

More important they imply that the human soul is too deep to be grasped in terms of study Dr Peale gives the answers He deals in pithy solutions to real problems obscuring the authentic Christian diagnosis and prescription which is a good deal less palatable and a good deal more costly than Peale's brand The soul that he presents is without depth It is the very shallowness of his concept of person that makes his rules appear easy He never touches on man's uncertainties which is the reservoir not only of his hates and fears but also of all his nobility

This whole cult exploits the moral superficial aspects of religion and psychoanalysis as a refraction of deep misunderstanding They assume in common taste of describing it they analyze it without conveying it In the end we get no real understanding of any problem, not a proper picture of the personality and its specific struggles Some statements are not frightening, as they are false The number of neurotics is continually increasing by geometric leaps writes Eric Berne in The Mind in Action a sort of layman's guide to psychiatry Later he describes schizophrenia as a "splitting of the mind into little pieces which seem to act independently of one another" —a definition that comes from Hollywood not Vienna

Moreover every solution is guaranteed to be custom-made for YOU But what we find is sweeping solace The same solution for everyone No individual differences People think they are getting individual understanding when what they really receive is generalized consolation Too often they learn a lot about Freud's theories but little about themselves William Lee Miller wrote "The drugstore I went to this morning had a new sign tacked to the screen door 'Norman Vincent Peale solves YOUR personal problems—in Look Magazine' Are personal problems? In *Look* magazine? No thank you"

Dr Peale is full of heart warming stories that show how religion "pays" A couple named Flint were full of negative thinking and hence broke But they read Dr Peale on "Mustard Seed Faith" and were so impressed they went to see him He assured Mr Flint that if he would "utilize the technique of Faith all his problems would be solved So Mrs Flint found a mustard seed out of a pickle jar and gave it to her husband to carry around with him as a tangible reminder of faith Later he embedded it in plastic Soon he began to think positively and decided to merchandise them "These articles sold" boasts Dr Peale like hot cakes Before long the Flints had a factory in a midwestern city producing Mustard Seed Remembrancers the perfect ending in the story of Positive Thinking Unfortunately some other Positive Thinkers imitated the Remembrancers but presumably the Flints "finished" and their negative thought

A retreat to fortress of faith

The guaranteed formula for business success is prayer Prayer can be turned to a real profit What his book can mean in executives is made plain in an advertisement "EXECUTIVES Give this book to employees It pays dividends" In other words not only can this religious book help you make money but it helps others to make money *for* you

Billy Graham on the other hand will have none of this He hasn't contempt for shining motor cars gleaming rows of office machines refrigerators and automatic washing machines Int chickens cooking in brand-new copper bottomed pots Along with material progress he attacks little or no political freedom in education in nature in conscience or will He does not say that these things are bad in themselves only that they are not saving things that we are damned who still put our faith in them Salvation the Bible

Graham is leading a retreat back into the fortress of faith among people whom the modern world has bombed and wounded frustrated exploited and lied to But as Gandhi once wrote in the post Babylonian Pagan "It is impossible to soothe suffering with song"

What this whole cult of contentment fails to see is refusal to admit that some of man's most conflicts may be inherent of legal conflicts in the world outside It focuses the minds of people on their own individual problems and seeks solutions only there What it really represents is an evasion of the adult problems of social life

The tragedy of Dr Peale lies in the fact that he gives no help or hope to the individual wrestling with problems beyond his power to solve For Dr Peale life could be a fruitful if jolting and at times painful process if religion would help you to find purpose in your whole struggle toward personal and social growth But no If you are troubled by the state of the world the nature of truth or any other concept that requires more than a calm mind of positive thoughts Avoid unpleasant realities they only create unfortunate moods For example after establishing his own conventional anti Communism and pro-Americanism Dr Peale advises that the last thought about Communism the better because it's an unpleasant subject

To find out with doubts about himself Dr Peale brings a message of reassurance Even if you are in fact a fund raiser don't worry about it Just have confidence Anxiety is just a bad mental habit" so flush it out

This is not a denial of evil but a horror of it He won't stand to look at it By so doing he assumes the evil to be nebulous nothing can be done about it But in Christian theology is evil not an irredeemable force"

Unlike Dr Peale Billy Graham does not preach that evil does not exist On the contrary he plays up the Devil Why? Because he knows that but mind cures do not want to wrestle with the problems that oppress them Emphasizing the Devil's power a creature of lively supernatural malignancy he warns "You can not reign with him for he is the greatest debater of all time So mind cures are first cousin the atonement against the temptations of which they are the victims

The human is removed so completely from his social and historical context that he ceases to be an individual As Samuel Pepys said after hearing one of Dr Butts sermons "He is making a very good sermon and very little reflection in it to anything of the times"

Or as Graham himself has phrased it The storm was raging The soul was beating The lightning was flashing the thunder was roaring the wind was blowing but the little boat was asleep in the crevice of the rock That is power to be able to sleep in the storm" ★



What should I do about

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If you have a small child it's a nice thing to start a savings account and add to it regularly Even very small amounts deposited regularly over a long period, add up surprisingly! Older children can learn to do their own banking Bank accounts can be in children's names and you can specify whether or not their signatures are enough or whether yours is needed too The sensible handling of money cannot be taught too early in life . . . and any Toronto-Dominion branch will welcome an account for your children

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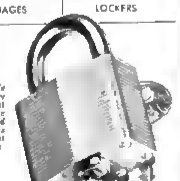

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World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers



The secret war of Charles Goodeve continued from page 21

"Its Lewis gun exhausted, the ship's crew hurled lumps of coal"

a fish would be effective 2) whether the scheme is possible from the "fish" point of view

Rear-Admiral William Wake-Walker had been appointed to supervise all technical measures for defeating the magnetic mine and to him the memorandum was passed. The cares of office had not robbed the admiral of his sense of humor and in due course the author of this imaginative scheme received the following formal reply:

1. The suggestion contained in your IP1/D 478 is of great value.

2. As a first step in the development of this idea it is proposed to establish a School for Flat Fish at the RN College, Dartmouth. Candidates for this course should be inlured in the first place as Probationary Flat Fish and these poor fish would be confirmed in their rank on showing their proficiency by exploding a mine.

3. A very suitable source of candidates to tap would be the Angel Fish of Bermuda, which though flat, swim in a vertical plane.

4. With the success of this scheme it may be necessary to control flat fish shoals.

5. It is requested that you will forward through the usual channels proposals as to the necessary accommodation and a suggested syllabus of the course.

At a later stage when Goodeve and others were perfecting the degaussing of ships—changing their magnetic field by simply wiping the hull with a charged copper wire — his calculations were rushed to London and fed into the Admiralty machine. For some time there was complete and galling inactivity. After two decades of peace the machine still moved with ponderous and cautious deliberation. Goodeve had no say in any trials these were "laid on" by another department.

As he passed through the barrier at Waterloo Station one morning Goodeve ran into the man responsible for rushing the experiments through.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Oh, all right. I've put in a request for a destroyer but nothing has happened about it yet. I expect it'll turn up some time and then we can get on with the job of checking your figures."

Look here," said Goodeve startled to realize that nothing at all had been done, "would there be any objection to *us* doing the preliminary work?"

Oh, now, at all old man. . . you carry on by all means." Cursing the wasted days, Goodeve ran to a phone and called Portsmouth. When he got back to HMS Vernon they might a complete series of successful trials on destroyer plates and merchant-ship steels had been carried out. From that point on it was plain sailing. Out of the 218 ships lost during the evacuation from Dunkirk only two were claimed by magnetic mines.

Although the unorthodox Goodeve had a strong ally in the former polar explorer Sir Charles Wright, the navy's Director of Scientific Research, to some of the entrenched Whitehall brigade he was known as the antelope from the Vernon." Set in their ways they liked things to be done through the right channels and they had a strong suspicion that this self-assured young Canadian who drifted into their rooms uninvited and was always hobnobbing with the civilian officers, would disregard the right channels whenever it suited him. Loyal, hard-working and conscientious to a degree they believed implicitly in the routine laid down for them. It all took time and if people like Goodeve thought they could short circuit long-established procedure they would have to be shown that the machine did not take kindly to attempts at acceleration.

Goodeve declined to be shown. The contacts he was making enabled him to speed the progress of various projects he was supervising and he could therefore afford to ignore any hostility he encountered from the minority. It was after all a relatively small minority.

After his fateful interview with Somerville Goodeve hastened to "collect a small team." His early choices must have dumbfounded some onlookers. There was Nevil Shute Norway, an engineer who wrote successful novels like The Pied Piper in his spare time and who had helped build the airship R100. Donald Currie, who had quit the navy after World War I because he hated the regulations and had since become a painter in water colors and a cook of rare skill. Alec Munhinnick, who, although rejected for war service because of weak eyes, had recently set a world motorcycle speed record. A schoolteacher, a physical fitness expert, a barrister and a furniture maker were early members of the team.

The very first recruit was Commander John Dove (ret.) who was already working under Admiral Somerville in the room over Admiralty Arch which was soon to be the birthplace of some of the strangest activities of the whole war. The "Weapons and Devices" unmodified to the original title of Goodeve's unit were soon dubbed "Wheezes and Dodges" and the slang version stuck. In the histories however Goodeve is formally listed as Deputy Director the Department of Miscellaneous Weapon Development, DMWD for short.

Goodeve was in no doubt about his immediate task. The navy was desperately short of close-range weapons. In the summer of 1940 many merchant ships were losing the long hours of daylight with a single machine gun. The crew of one coaster, its ammunition of their only Lewis gun exhausted, hurled lumps of coal at an attacking aircraft in impotent defiance. The ships had no means of detecting an approaching plane and attacks were often over in a flash. The German fighter bombers swooping out of low cloud to spray the unprotected bridges with cannon fire.

Goodeve realized that there was no time and not enough raw material to produce breech mechanisms, gun mountings and barrels quite apart from the ammunition problem. The ships must be quickly fitted with new devices altogether. Experimenting with simple rocket weapons the Wheezers and Dodgers began to concentrate on adapting for sea service an ingenious Royal Air Force device used to protect airfields, called the Parachute and Cable—or PAC—and soon their efforts brought success.

The PAC was powered by a rocket that would carry a steel cable up to a height of five hundred feet on the end of the cable was a parachute. It held promise of being a strong deterrent to low-flying aircraft at sea. To make the special parachutes DMWD enlisted the aid of a well-known Oxford Street department store and using linen and nylon cord the firm produced a tremendously strong canopy. One of the parachutes pulled the wing right off an old Wellington that was lent for trials, and later a German aircraft that hit several PACs at once was literally dragged to a standstill in mid-air.

When the first PACs were fitted to merchant ships there was the inevitable fuss before the Admiralty could persuade anyone to give them a proper trial in action. Perhaps it was not surprising that in the sudden moment of attack that in the sudden moment of attack that thoughts went to manning wherever guns the ship had the mysterious rocket apparatus was only remembered when it was too late. By the spring of 1941 however encouraging reports began to come in. The main of one small ship in convoy the Flagflow was standing near the windward PAC when a heavy air attack developed. Seeing one German bomber diving at the Flagflow from dead ahead he pulled the lanyard, and up soared the cable. A large section of the plane's wing was dragged off by the wire and the plane came down in the sea.

Soon significant evidence began to fil-

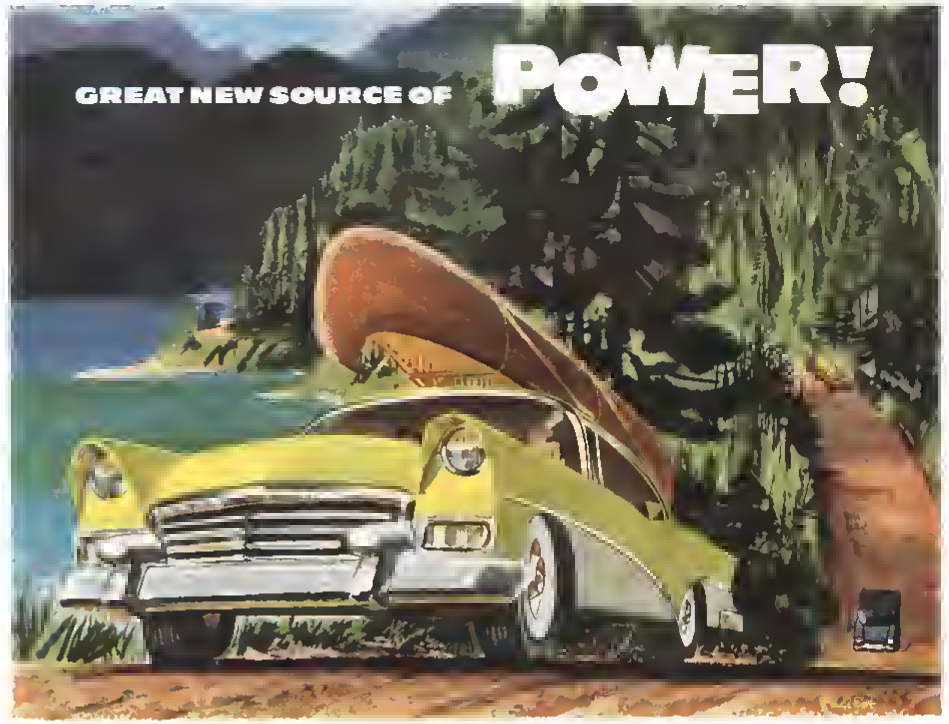




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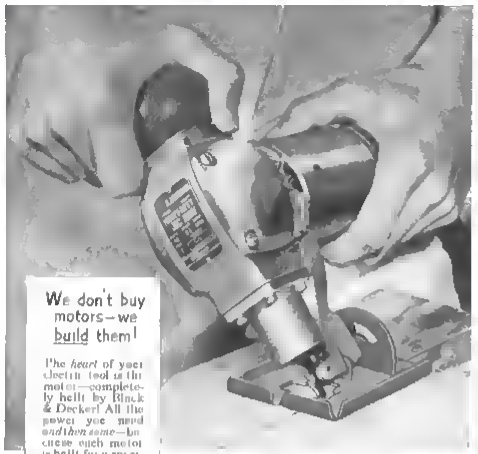
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ter in from the German side. An enemy bomber pilot, he later was overheard by one of our agents discussing the hazards he had to face. "It's no joke, I can tell you," he complained. "The English are shooting up these spirals from their ships and you're likely to get home all right with a thing like that wound around your aircraft." The captured crew of a Jenkers 88 were interrogated. They had been carrying out regular shipping reconnaissance flights and from one of these off the east coast they struggled back to their base with a huge gash in one wing, between the engine nacelle and the fuselage. "We could not understand it. It looked as if it had been caused by a wire attached to a rocket," said their captain.

Greatly encouraged, DMWD went to work on larger and more lethal versions of the PAC. One, ominously entitled the Fast Aerial Mine, had an explosive charge attached to the wire, and Commander Dove, experimenting with an early model of this formidable contraption in Devon, had a memorable misadventure. The parachute failed to open, and the mine, which was filled with a special colored liquid, fell through the roof of a cottage smothering the whole interior with a vivid pink dye.

Another apparatus, called Type J, had a bigger parachute, a larger rocket than the standard PAC, and a five-ton cable that the rocket could haul up to six hundred feet. Trials of this device were carried out on a deserted area of Somerset but there was turmoil nearby. Type J fired with a brilliant flash, accompanied by a noise like vast shouts of cannon being ripped apart, and this invariably stampeded horses and cattle for miles around. On one occasion it so startled two horses pulling a wagon that they broke into a full gallop and charged a bank bordering the field. In due course the Director of Navy Accounts received a stiff bill for broken cutter blades. This was duly charged to scientific research.

At sea too the PAC occasionally provided light relief. A certain coaster on passage from Dover to Hull had two of the rockets installed, and the firing lanyards straggled somewhat untidily from the mounting into the wheelhouse. The ship was suddenly attacked by a dive bomber and her master, hearing the roar of the plane, rushed from his cabin to the bridge. As he entered the wheelhouse he tripped over the lanyard of the starboard PAC and fell flat on his face, knocking out several front teeth. There was wild cheering, and he picked himself up angrily; he objected to being made a laughingstock by his crew. The ensign on deck however was for a very different reason. In falling he had fired the PAC with his foot, and the German plane flying straight into the trailing wire had plunged headlong into the water.

Equally remarkable, but less useful, was the sequence of events on board another merchant ship in coastal convoy. She was flying from her main topmast the usual barrage balloon. A gust of wind blew the cover off the spare pinnacle and this fell on the lanyard connected to the PAC projector. The rocket fired and the PAC scored a direct hit on the balloon which burst into flames. Its cable falling over the stern became wound around the propeller and this immediately acted on a winch. Before the master realized what had happened the topmast was pulled out of the ship.

The threat of the PAC led to a radical change in enemy tactics. Nine enemy aircraft were known to have been destroyed by the PAC and at least thirty-five ships claimed that they had been saved from destruction by the "spirals" which aircrews feared so much.

As the days lengthened in that summer of 1940 the threat of invasion loomed and Goodeve made it known that his team of experimenters was ready to tackle anything. The main purpose of DMWD was to put up ideas for new weapons and devices and see them through the development stage. But by showing a readiness to try out ideas that might be discarded by more conservative and less energetic departments the section would keep others on their toes. This often meant looking at some of the well-intentioned but wildly impractical technical proposals that flooded ceaselessly into many departments of the Admiralty. Already a man had come in with plans for a death ray. This he suggested could be mounted in one of the navy's balloons, and he gave detailed specifications of what the operator in the basket would need in the way of precautions, protective clothing and signaling devices.

"This is all very well," he was asked, "but what about the death ray apparatus?"

"Oh, you don't want to worry about that," replied the inventor. "The Admiralty has access to the Secret Archives (there are bound to be several death rays there), and you can take your choice."

A plan to boil the ocean

There were cranks who phoned to rout the night bombers with searchlight beams that solidified at the appropriate moment. The aircraft was then to be belabored with the beam until it dived to destruction, but the sponsors of this ingenious weapon were equally vague over the actual method of solidifying the searchlight rays which they claimed was "merely a matter of research and development." Others submitted plans for firing thermite into the air to "seize up" aircraft engines, and designs for machine guns fired by centrifugal force the lightest of which unfortunately would have weighed several tons.

The invasion threat produced a rich crop of fanciful suggestions, among them a plan to electrocute the enemy infantry as they waded ashore by means of high tension cables laid on the sea bed. The prolongation of this idea overlooked the colossal amount of power required, the sea would have boiled before a single invader died of electrocution.

Of all the less orthodox ideas put forward the use of flame in various forms seemed to hold a special fascination for naval minds. Perhaps it was an obsession springing subconsciously from the days of Drake and his fire ships. At any rate the view was widely held in naval circles that England will again be saved by fire and technical objections were brushed aside.

At first DMWD kept clear of the flame controversy. Goodeve had never been a great believer in flame for coastal or harbor defense but the Petroleum Warfare Branch of the Ministry of Supply was both energetic and enthusiastic and the south coast became ringed by flame traps and weapons of all kinds. Eventually Goodeve's team was drawn into experiments with fire when someone discovered that a flotilla of MTBs at Felixstowe was anxious to pinpoint jets of creosote of German E-boats. Then Admiral Sir Frederic Dreyer suggested that a flame thrower mounted on the poop of ships on the east-coast run might be very disconcerting to enemy dive bomber pilots. If the flame thrower was designed to fire directly upward the pilot would either have to abandon his line of attack or fly straight through a pillar of fire which might destroy him. DMWD therefore began to take an active interest in reconnaissance and flame found a passionate advocate in one of Goodeve's new recruits—a certain Lieut. Parker.

Parker, a tall Irishman with untidy hair and fine, consuming enthusiasm which he had no time to hide, joined Goodeve's office. He wanted to get on the greatest holocaust in history.

"Do you remember the explosion at Halifax in 1917, sir?" he said to Goodeve on day. "If you'll let me do a little more research I think I could lay on something much bigger than that in one of the French ports and destroy every German craft in the place."

"It's quite simple, really," he said persuasively. "All we have to do is to get hold of an old tanker, load her with three thousand tons of oil and send her unescorted down the Channel with a skeleton crew. The Germans would rumble her but not take her into port. We would then send another ship, a wooden one, up Channel to join the port loaded with a thousand tons of liquid oxygen."

"Half a minute," said Goodeve, "the Germans would hardly fall for the trick a second time."

"They might if the second ship is disguised as a tanker. She can appear to be about to enter the port and then ram her mate and sink her. The ships will be bound together by hawsers and hose, so that the crew can get away. If the tanker blows up first it will scatter the whole harbor with oil. When the second ship does explode the liquid oxygen is ignited by the oil you'll get the biggest explosion there's ever been. It would destroy the port."

Goodeve thought for a minute. It seemed just possible, whilst a scheme like that would have an awkward wedge of plausibility that made him reluctant to turn it down. And Parker seemed to fanatically believe in the plan that he didn't want to discourage him too simply.

"How on earth do you think we're going to lay on one thousand tons of liquid oxygen for a start?" he asked.

We could order it from British Oxygen, sir."

Goodeve thought it highly unlikely that British Oxygen would have any thing like that amount to spare, but he reached for the phone. To his astonishment a brisk voice at the other end said "A thousand tons? Certainly. When would you like it delivered? We can get it to any port you name in three days."

"I'll let you know," said Goodeve, recradled it gently and went to talk to his superiors. They had to admit that there might be something in it. It looked as if we shall have to let Parker do some further tests before we shoot him down. Goodeve decided.

Parker first proposed to flood a creek in Portsmouth with several feet of oil and a ten-inch layer of liquid oxygen and set fire to it to see what might happen. An experiment promptly framed by the Portsmouth subcommittee of DMWD. Although it need endorsements by Parker, the plan per talented and he was allowed to conduct a small-scale experiment.

Two of the first two buckets of liquid oxygen. Some mine sweepers borrowed a dinghy and a motor launch with a box of matches sent out and Lieut. Parker he pulled out into the mouth of the creek.

With the trial ended, a brief meeting of the committee, Parker announced that he would not bother with any more tests.

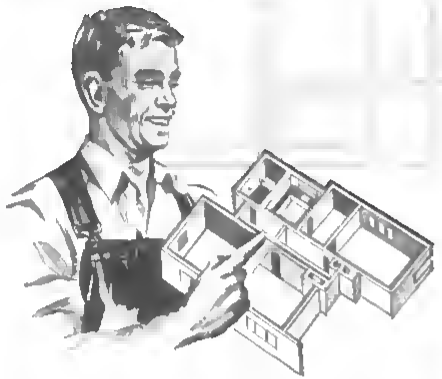
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opt the flame thrower for airfield defense. Airborne troops landing by glider require about one minute after touch-down to get out their equipment and open fire. In this minute they had to be destroyed. Commander Norway saw that if the flame gun could be mounted on a truck with a special fuel tank it could be driven at high speed to the middle of the airfield and the enemy could be enveloped in fire before they had time to destroy the tank. Lieut. Jack Cooke went to work on the problem and produced the Cockatrice—a two-and-a-half-ton truck armored to make it invulnerable to rifle fire. It had a tank holding two tons of fuel and the flame thrower itself mounted in a turret behind the cab could be operated by a gunner within the turret.

The trials of this awe-inspiring weapon were impressive. They began with an informal demonstration on a golf course, where a small area was removed at a range of one hundred yards and an intellectual spectator from the department, standing fully thirty yards beyond the target, had the whole of the front of his naval uniform charred to an unbecoming shade of khaki.

The seal was set on the Cockatrice's reputation when three Russian officers arrived to watch a demonstration. They kept shouting excitedly that here was the perfect weapon for killing Fascist beasts in large numbers.

With the Cockatrice a success—though the need for testing it in action in an airborne landing happily never arose—someone suggested to Commander Norway that he should apply flame to the problem of low-flying aircraft. The German pilots specializing in shipping attacks were working to a set pattern. They would approach low over the water, hoping to escape detection from the ship's bridge by merging the plane with the sea, particularly at dawn or dusk. They would then zoom up just clearing the masts and drop their bombs.

First of all, Norway had to find what deterrent effect the flame thrower might have on an aircraft. Fired vertically it seemed far more terrifying than the Cockatrice, for the length of the flame was increased by its own heat and at sea the pillar of fire was now reaching an altitude of at least four hundred feet. The RAF agreed to provide an aircraft for dummy attacks on a trawler but at this stage Norway's team, much impressed with their early experiments, began to worry about the danger to the pilot. The latter therefore had the working of the flame thrower carefully explained to him. Norway told him to make his first dummy attack on the ship passing well ahead of the bow, so succeeding attacks he might venture an closer as pressing the worst of the ship but he was to come no nearer than that.

The trawler then put to sea and as the aircraft came out from the Hampshire coast up went the roaring columns of fire. The pilot crossed the bow returned and flew over the waist of the ship. Then he did another couple of runs much closer to the flame until his wing tip was practically fanning through it.

"He doesn't seem to think much of it," said Norway to the trawler captain as the plane disappeared.

The report reached Goodeve two days later. The pilot did not consider the device effective as a deterrent but he thought the trial had been biased by the fact that he knew exactly what to expect. The RAF recommended that the dummy attacks should be repeated with a pilot who had no previous knowledge of the flame gun at all.

Back at sea again, the new pilot came in low over the water, making straight for the waist of the ship. When it was two hundred yards away the pillar of flame shot skyward, but the pilot never wavered for an instant. He came straight on across the ship, brushing his wing tip in the flame. Then he circled and came back this time taking half his wing through the inferno of burning oil.

Much depressed, the Wheezers and Dodgers sent a message inviting the pilot on board for a drink to see whether they could get any line on the mystery.

It was a bit alarming at first sight," he said, "but frankly I think it would put off a really experienced ship."

"How do you mean?" asked Norway. "What were you doing pre-war?"

"As a matter of fact," said the flight lieutenant, "I had an odd sort of job used to drive cars through sheets of plate glass and walls of fire for a movie firm."

Norway's team went back to work a little happier. They were shocked to learn a few days later of the death of the flight lieutenant who had a barrage-balloon cable in think weather.

The naval flame thrower went into limited production and a number were mounted in coasters plying between the

ANSWER

to Who is it? on page 36

Charlotte Whitton, mayor of Ottawa

Thames and the Forth. They were difficult to keep in sight as a high pressure had to be maintained. And unless the device was expertly handled the ship and her crew were liable to be smothered in tar and oil. Intelligence sources, however, reported one dividend. News of the mysterious new weapon on the poop of some British ships soon got back to Germany and whether or not it was cause and effect the average height of attack soon lifted far above two hundred feet—the level at which the enemy aircraft had hitherto been securing forty-seven per cent hits.

Goodeve's department had only one further encounter with flame weapons. This came much later in the war when Combined Operations HQ was anxious to find out whether an assault landing craft, running a harbor loaded with infantry, could safely pass through the fire of any flame thrown that might be mounted on the breakwater.

Norway said flatly that no protection at all was needed. He explained the difficulty of firing a flame thrower at an angle of depression. And he maintained that if the soldiers lay down in the boat they would be safe.

This view was hotly challenged by the Petroleum Warfare Branch and trials were therefore arranged at Portland where a large flame thrower commanded the harbor entrance. At the bottom of an old landing craft were placed three dummies clad in battledress. Inside the battledress were placed strips of paper coated with a paint that changed color if heated to the temperature at which skin is scorched.

Admirals and generals turned up in force to watch the trial and after the landing craft had passed through the flame the papers were collected for scorching. The Petroleum Warfare observers protested that the flame thrower had not been aimed quite right. Again the landing craft was towed through the wall of fire without any effect at all.

The critics then conceded that the men *might* escape the direct effects of the flame but claimed that they would still have been killed in any case. The hull of the boat would then, they said, have been filled with the hot products of combustion, and the men would have died from breathing carbon dioxide. It was therefore decided to repeat the trials using cages of animals in the boat and DNWD was told to procure fourteen mice.

Finding mice in the West End of London proved surprisingly difficult. There seemed to be no recognized Admiralty procedure for injecting fur therm. But Lieut. Robin Byng, who was in charge of the trials, eventually arrived at the Gloucester Hotel, Weymouth, with his fourteen mice.

Next morning he took six of the mice, distributed them among three cages and placed them in the landing craft. Once more before a large gathering of senior officers, the boat was towed through the fiery furnace. The mice showed no ill effects whatever. Several times that day the trial was repeated. The top sides of the assault landing craft became scorched and blistered but when the proceedings were called off the mice were still alive and kicking.

Feeling that his department had proved its point, Byng returned to his hotel with the six mice only to find that of the eight left in his bedroom one had died in his opinion this was most proof that the apprehension existing by the flame thrower was more lethal than the flame thrower itself—a conclusion that the department had given pleasure in incorporating in its official Admiralty report.

The troubles of Byng were not, however, quite over. He had to return to London early next morning,—and he still had thirteen mice on his hands. Late that night he made a rendezvous with a taxi-driver of the motorless. And under the dust of every bedroom that had a pair of women's shoes outside it he liberated one mouse.

One morning late in 1940 Lieut.-Col. Sidney Jefferies, a protégé of Churchill's, received in Goodeve's office with rough drawings of a new weapon called the spigot mortar. The brainchild of Lieut.-Col. Stewart Blacker, it reversed the normal process by which a missile was discharged into the air. The base of the bomb itself fitted around an ingenious electrically actuated peg—the spigot—and it was then that fired the projectile. Blacker, a whimsical Irishman, had built his first mortar when still in Bedford School. Using black powder, a stock of cigarette papers and a croquet ball to act as projectile, he scored a direct hit on the headmaster's greenhouse at three hundred yards. Jefferies thought that Blacker's spigot might be adapted as an anti-tank weapon. Goodeve went further and suggested that it might be possible to develop the ammunition to fire a whole ring of bombs.

An his fledgling department had an yet little authority of its own, Goodeve immediately approached the Directorate of Torpedoes and Mining. The DTM ruled that the new bomb thrower was really a gun and therefore the responsibility of the Director-ate of Naval Ordnance. The DNO was equally reluctant to aid as foster parent to such an entirely new type of gun but finally agreed to take a benevolent interest as long as the Wheezers and Dodgers made themselves responsible for most of the development work. This was in fact exactly what Goodeve wanted.

The DMWD christened the new mortar the Hedgehog and got busy on the twin projects of perfecting the weapon and trying to sell it to the Admiralty. The most troublesome scientific puzzle was the firing fuse which would first have to be armed when the bomb struck the surface of the sea and then explode the missile at a certain depth. Fuse design turned out to be the responsibility of yet another department—the Chief Superintendent of Armament Design, Furious at the delays, Goodeve took personal responsibility for the fuse design and sent out the S O S to half a dozen technical bodies for ideas by Tuesday next. This forceful method produced three promising designs, which were promptly translated into working models by a retired navy commander working in his home workshop. With modifications, one of them survived tests and was adopted.

Next came the task of winning high service approval for the Hedgehog. With his immediate superior at the time, Captain G. O. C. Hock) Davies, Goodeve learned that the Prime Minister was to be present at the trials of a new type of anti-tank bomb which Jeffries was staging on a chalk quarry not far from Chequers. If they could capture Churchill's interest in their own new weapon the battle was as good as won. The trial was taking place at ten o'clock one Sunday morning and Lord Cherwell, Churchill's scientific adviser, readily agreed to suggest to the Prime Minister that he should watch the Hedgehog put through its paces before lunch.

When the day came Davies and Goodeve set off for the scene of the first trial. The men near the chalk pit swarmed with military police checking the identity of every visitor but although neither of the scientists from DMWD had passes with them Davies waved some



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entirely irrelevant documents out of the car window and they were allowed through the cordon.

On the grassy slope in front of the targets they found a distinguished gathering of service leaders and civilians, and Jefferis put on a spectacular show with his anti-tank bomb — a glass container filled with nitro-glycerine which exploded with an impressive flash and a smell. The young officer chosen to demonstrate it had rehearsed an act requiring split-second timing. Standing in front of the tank he saluted, and then turning smartly about he hurled the bomb at the target and sainted again as he threw himself flat on his face before the explosion. Churchill was delighted and when the demonstration was over he led the way down the slope to inspect the damage. He then decided on a little target practice.

Taking a Thompson sub-machine gun he fired a long burst at the tires of a derelict truck. The spectators began to edge back and Churchill next turned his attention to the truck's Triplex screen on which he cut his initials with bullets. More ammunition was sent for and the crowd retreated even faster when the gun was passed to Mutz Churchill, who blazed away at the battered truck.

After a while the Prime Minister looked at his watch. "Time for lunch," he remarked and began to walk back up the slope the onlookers forming a line along which he passed.

Taking up a strategic position at the far end of the line Goodeve looked around for Davies to support him but he was nowhere to be seen so when Lord Cherwell introduced the RNVR officer to the Prime Minister Goodeve hurriedly brought up the subject of the Hedgehog.

Churchill listened intently and then looking again at his watch he said: "I'm sorry but I haven't time to come and see this weapon now. We are late already."

He turned away and was about to get into his car when his daughter, who had just walked up to the group, firmly grasped his arm. "We must see Captain Davies' bomb thrower, Daddy," she pleaded.

Churchill gave in, and when the Hedgehog gave a highly impressive account of itself he soon forgot all about his lunch.

The mortar was set to fire twenty four rounds two at a time in quick succession until all the projectiles were in the air at once. Then came the barges of the discharges as they landed around the target —the shape of a submarine outlined on the ground with white tapes.

The Prime Minister asked for a second salvo to be fired, then a third. Here at last it seemed was the instrument that could turn the tide of the U-boat war and Goodeve did not have long to wait for repercussions. The following morning the First Sea Lord sent for him. "This anti-submarine gun of yours — how soon can you arrange a trial for *me*," asked Admiral Pound. He promised all possible assistance in getting the Hedgehog into operational use. Before the war ended Blackers squad had accounted for about fifty U-boats.

Today the Royal Navy has an even more ambitious ahead throwing weapon in general use—the Squid, a huge monster hurling five hundred pound projectiles — but the Hedgehog, which still plays its part in the service, paved the way for its formidable offspring. It also spurred the Wheezers and Dodgers to further successful inventions in the field of anti-submarine warfare. ★

How Charles Goodeve and his unorthodox crew helped develop such inventions as floatie armor, the Mulberry harbor and the revolutionary "Swiss Roll" will be told in the next issue of Maclean's.



London Letter continued from page 6

but merely cut up with razors.

You probably have heard how a few months ago two gangsters fought openly in Soho Square until they were covered with blood. At the police court an eighty year-old clergyman gave evidence that they had not fought at all, but merely argued. At the Old Bailey trial it transpired that the cleric had been losing money on horses and was in the gangsters' clutches.

It seems strange to be writing such words about this greatest of all cities, but the ugly fact remains that beautiful London has a cancer in the very centre of its being. Then why is the cancer not removed? That is the question that everyone is asking and I cannot believe that it will remain unanswered for long.

Part of the trouble is that the vice laws and penalties are the same as a century ago. For example it is not against the law for a prostitute to stand at night in a doorway or in front of a lighted shop window and speak to a man. Only if she causes a disturbance does she come under the law.

In these lovely summer evenings I enjoy walking home from the House of Commons up Park Lane to Marble Arch. Park Lane is the very artery of tourism with its hotels and fashionable restaurants, and like a guard of honor the prostitutes stand a few yards apart along the entire route.

They behave perfectly. They merely stand and wait, and except for a quiet, "Hello, darling!" they cause no disturbance of the peace.

But off the main route it is not always peaceful. Some friends of mine have a flat overlooking Hyde Park and regularly at one or two in the morning a car swerves into the sleeping square and the vice marketeers collect the earnings of the prostitutes.

There are curses, shrieks of anger and blows are sometimes struck. The language is vile but somehow the police are never on hand. But since the only charge could be that of disturbing the peace there is nothing for the gangsters to fear.

A few months ago I went to Bow Street Police Court to pay a fine for having left my car in a no parking area. Waiting outside the court room were some twenty prostitutes. Eventually they were brought in, fined two pounds each and dismissed. There was no reproach from the magistrate, no urging that they should change their occupation, and no threat of a bigger fine or imprisonment if they did not mend their ways. The fine represented no more than a night's tip. But that is the law.

Which brings us back to the three Maltese gangsters who murdered Mr. Smithson. They had allowed themselves to be lured by ambition. They saw themselves as big shots in the vice ring and were also interesting themselves in the bookmaking racket so that eventually they could force the loud-mouthed



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95M-19

shouters of odds to pay for protection."

Therefore we can understand their annoyance when Mr. Smithson actually tried to set up in opposition. The curious thing is that they made no attempt to hide what the murder. Perhaps they were too proud. Perhaps they thought the police would be afraid to act.

At any rate two of them were at home when the police called on them early next day.

According to the statement subsequently issued from the Yard the detective-superintendent told them that he was making inquiries into the death of Smithson. "I believe that you men were present at the time," he said. "Would you be prepared to tell me what it was?"

No doubt feeling that stink gratitude deserved its reward the No. 1 Maltese said: "Sure. It was me that shot him."

Not to be outdone by such candor the second Maltese whose name is Spampinato said: "I was with him when he shot Smithson. He is my friend and what he says is okay by me. I will tell you the whole setup if you like."

It only remains to state that later in the day the third Maltese was arrested and admitted at once that he was with the others at the time of the shooting.

The whole episode might have come from the pen of the Saidonia Satirist. But why did these evil creatures make no attempt to lie to the inspector? The only possible explanation is that they had grown so accustomed to see themselves in American gangster films that they actually believed the police would not dare to arrest them.

But the Saidonia Satirist was not behind. On the very day that the murderers were being questioned the House of Commons met for the final debate on the abolition of hanging. I do not recall any more hotly debated sentimental nonsense. Illogical, benighted. The British press had already said it but the Times said it all over again.

But our fiery splinter group like the ghosts at Waterloo refused to budge. To the scorn of our bleeding brothers we went into the lobby with the sanctity and imposed on us all upon parliament.

But the battle is not ours nor are the points to blame for the little Chicago that has grown up in London. Successive governments have failed to grapple with the vice problem. By the stupid obstinacy that has unyoked the outdated vice laws and maintained that that is no more than a nightly up in the prostitute we have permitted a vast racketeering empire to come into being.

It gives me no pleasure to write these words. To live in London is to lose one's heart to London and this evil growth should have been crushed years ago. But public opinion is now thoroughly roused and I cannot think that Sir Anthony Eden's government will let things rest as they are.

Meanwhile the abolition bill was stalled once more when the House of Lords serving the anger of the public refused to pass it. Indeed in doing so it had public opinion behind it.

Personally I feel like taking up the amiable hobby of bird watching or attending four day test matches between England and Australia.

The road that the reformers tread is rough and long and weary. ★



How to be a singing star . . . the hard way

Continued from page 19

He sings for a living but plays for his gas

Hit Parade was a guest recently at a bar mitzvah, a Jewish ceremony that celebrates a boy's coming of age. The producer wandered over to the small orchestra hired for the occasion and was stunned to discover his star baritone sitting in the second row blowing into a trombone.

"Wally Koster!" he cried, pointing a quavering finger in the style of a Gay Nineties melodrama. "You!"

Koster put down his trombone and smiled serenely. "You have a request?" he enquired.

"You're a big television star," moaned his producer. "A minority group with him plus. You shouldn't be doing this!"

"So pay me enough to put me on an exclusive contract!" replied Koster imperturbably. "Then I'll be exclusive."

Koster, who currently is paid close to two hundred dollars per song on television, quite often accepts jobs as a sideman in a dance band for a fraction of that amount. Last winter he turned up once a week on television in a million Canadian homes and also appeared in person at a mixed bag of wedding receptions, bar mitzvahs and high-school dances. "It pays for my gas," he says with a shrug.

A scarred face blind with tears

Koster's interest in his income once provoked an exchange that many entertainers like to quote. Koster in a hurry to return to a rehearsal after a coffee break was jogging at a jammed door of a CBC building. Some men came up behind him and he heard one of them chuckle: "There's one way to keep our performers in Canada—lock them in." Without looking Koster said grimly: "Have you tried money?" He turned and found himself nose to nose with three of CBC's top brass. Miraculously the door opened at that moment and he fled through it.

Out of the memory of the frustrations of his youth Koster once provided Canadian television with unpremeditated drama. He was singing John Henry on the show On Stage about a year and a half ago, stripped to the waist and drenched with sweat that was only partly artificial. The song is about a steel-driving man who is determined to outdrive a machine and dies with a hammer in his hand. Koster with his intimate knowledge of men who fight against long odds began to cry openly during the closing bars of the song. The show almost collapsed. Technicians stood rooted and watched. A cameraman whispered hoarsely into his microphone: "What'll I do?" and producer Norm Jewison replied: "How should I know?" The camera moved in closer and the screen was filled with Koster's anguished, hockey-scarred face streaked with tears. Afterward he sat apart deeply embarrassed with his face in his hands.

Koster's physique has been displayed



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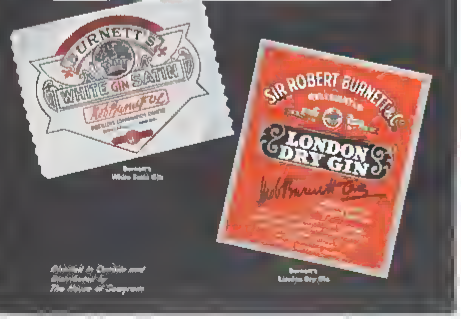


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Well, how did you like the Calgary Stampede?

frequently on television. He has the body of an active athlete. His face is a battered testimonial that he was once a lineman in lacrosse, player and a defenseman in a tough hockey league. His features appear to have been lovingly arranged with a sledgehammer, an art of fists and fists but no real drawback in a profession overcrowded with weakly handsome men. Kostni stands a half inch under six feet and weighs one hundred and ninety. His age is thirty-four.

His apparent strength is enthusiastically exploited by producers of the Hit Parade, sometimes take advantage of. For one sequence last winter when he was supposed to sing Sixteen Tons it was decided to have him hold a fake piano made of plywood. During rehearsal it was discovered that someone had forgotten to get the piano dolly. A real one weighing three hundred pounds was substituted. Biceps bulging, Kostni held the dolly and sang. Inside. When he finished, he handed it to a stagehand. The stagehand dolly and all sank instantly to the floor. Later three stagehands managed to carry the dolly offstage.

Kostni's friends are sure that not only the ability to handle a dolly but also the happy state of his career owes much to the habit of striving he learned in his youth. Born with a complicated Polish name that the family later divided in half, Kostni is the third and youngest son of Serge a laborer who came to Canada from Poland and his Russian born wife, Dora. The couple settled in Winnipeg and bought a small home in the north end. "That's the thing about Slavic people," Kostni explains. "They always get a home somehow because the first thing they have to have is a situation they can fall back on."

Through the Depression years Serge never made more than twelve dollars a week, but the family always ate. "We ate well too" Kostni recalls. "In the winter a farmer used to come along the street in a sleigh and we'd buy half a bag and mom would put it in a barrel."

Not everyone on the street was eating and the murderous crime was high. Young, Wally often walked at night to the sound of police sirens. He learned to walk around street fights without even looking. One friend of his was killed in a streetcar accident. Another was crushed against a building by a drunk driver. On the way home from school children gathered the latest news about the neighbor who had just robbed a bank or the brother of a friend who had just been given two years and the lash. "We used to say tough when we heard about such things but it didn't really bother us at all" Kostni says. "Everybody had it tough."

The gang of boys with whom Wally played put their energy into sports. They walked to the Olympic Rink and back in forty below weather to play hockey for an hour or two. Most of their equipment was stolen. There was one kid who went down to the Hudson's Bay store and stole skates. Kostni remembers.

When he got home he found he had two left thin left feet so he went back and got one for the right. He didn't get matching sizes, but that didn't matter. We used to get our sticks by going to Eaton's. We'd pink out a good stick and then wrap a piece of pink paper around the handle to look like a sales slip and walk out of the store. That was the easy part. The hard part was fighting to keep somebody else from stealing it once you got it home.

One afternoon Wally and his two closest friends, Wally Stanowski who later made the National Hockey League and Wally Chikowski who later played football with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, were bicycling along a street. Some boys their age were playing football and the trio stopped to ask if they could join. One boy looked at them coldly and replied. "We're the Roamers. We've got a full team, thanks."

The three Wallys continued along the street and saw some more boys playing in a vacant lot. They asked again and discovered that this was a Young Men's Hebrew Association team.

"Can we play?"

"Certainly!" they were told.

"Fine" grinned the Wallys. "Just teach us the game and we'll be all set."

All three made the team and so did some other friends from the north end. The YMHA team that year won the Manitoba Provincial Junior championship—beating a team called the Roamers in the finals.

The YMCA and the YMHA in the later years of the Depression threw open their facilities to the boys from North Winnipeg, who were becoming the city's best athletes. Kostni indulged in a daily orgy of sparring, basketball, sprinting, table tennis, volleyball, wrestling and swimming. "We all did as much as we could cram in a day. We were really living."

About this time Wally remembers, other north-end boys of their age had begun to gather for country crap games and to watch the girls who swaggered the streets swinging their purses. "We never saw that at all" says Wally. "We were too busy getting to hockey practice."

One day some friends stopped at Kostni's house and invited him for a ride in their mother's car. This was a big thrill but at that moment someone else came by to shout that there was a football skirmish beginning down the street. Kostni promptly chose football. That afternoon the boys in the "mother's car" stolen only a few hours before were picked up by the police.

Kostni took stock at that news. "I'd done a few things and hadn't got nipped and I figured my luck was about to run out" he says. "I took a deep breath and after that I stuck to sports."

But presently music began to intrude. Despite the jeers of his friends, he joined a school glee club when he discovered that singing "made me feel good." At the YMHA football victory dance in 1938 some friends pushed him to a microphone and he sang a chorus of Minnie Rose. The same friends later arranged an audition for him with Joe DeCourcy a bandleader then playing a Winnipeg night spot called The Cave.

It took place while the band was taking a smoke break. DeCourcy called over the piano player, who helped Kostni find a key. He sang nervously while his friends and the musicians sat silently in the shadows.

"Okay kid" said DeCourcy when he finished. "You're hired for tonight. Have you got a dark suit?"

Kostni flushed. "No, I haven't" he said. "But" he added weakly, "my brother has."

Kostni's news that he was hired to sing for money thirty-five dollars a week) brought a mixed reception at home. His father a self taught accordion player who sang joyfully all day long was delighted. His mother was not.

"All musicians are bums" she said. Why don't you get a respectable job, like your brother? A brother was then delivering coal.

Kostni, wearing his brother's oversized suit sang for ten weeks at The Cave and learned to yawn with his mouth shut. He was fifteen years old and still attending school. John Kamin, win then a CBC producer, hired him to replace George Murray on the CBC



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network radio show Woodhouse and Hawkins which came from Winnipeg. Kennewin now CBC's director of radio, recalls He was a scared kid but bless his heart he sang in tune"

Next summer Koster sang with the DeConrey band at Jasper where he learned to order a restaurant meal to play golf (he now shoots in the high seventies, rare for a left handed player) and picked up a cheap trombone A musician with the band taught him to read music When he returned home in the fall his mother refused to allow the trombone in the house He kept it in a garage and practiced to the accompaniment of a hand-cranked record player

Music, Koster still felt at this stage was a happy sideline but he was determined to be a professional athlete That winter he played junior hockey and sang at the supper dances in the Fort Garry Hotel Each night he turned up in the musician's uniform of white lounge jacket dark trousers bow tie and stiff shirt to which he frequently added as accessories a hockey player's bandages on his face or a heavy limp. Once he arrived with stitches bisecting from one eyebrow and a square of adhesive holding together a cut lip "Whaddya think I'm running here a freak show?" complained the bandleader

At this time Koster met Myra Symes, whom he married six years later Myra had been a polio victim at fifteen and it left her with a triple curvature of the spine Not expected to survive at first she underwent a painful bone graft from her shin to fourteen vertebrae of her spine and spent three years in hospitals and in iron braces She was once the subject of a sermon in a Winnipeg church when the minister found her flat on her back on a stretcher patiently teaching crippled children to read and write

Most experts credit will power with the fact that Myra walks normally today "I looked out of the hospital window one spring and saw the lawn covered with new grass" she recalls "I decided that I was going to walk on it in my bare feet. I didn't make it that spring or the next But eventually I did"

Myra was excited about her first date with Wally "He's a musician" she told her father George Symes a storekeeper

"Great" he replied enthusiastically "What does he do for a living?"

Their marriage didn't take place until 1946 when Wally had finished a season in Nova Scotia playing semiprofessional hockey with the North Sydney Victorias and a five-year hitch in the army He spent his entire service career in Winnipeg, in the army band because hockey and football injuries had made him unfit for overseas duty

Ten months after he married Myra Koster was discouraged because his only job was singer/master of ceremonies in a vaudeville show between hurroh movies five a day Then he got an offer from Toronto bandleader Ellis Mclntock

"How about moving to Toronto Myra?" Wally asked "I won't be able to work for the first three months because I have to establish residence with the musicians union but after that"

Myra considered a moment and then disappointed She came back with a roll of adhesive tape and began sticking patches of it to the new furniture and wedding gifts

"What are you doing?" her husband asked

"We'll mark the prices on it" she explained "Invite all our friends in and sell it We're going to need the money" A few days later the Kosters left for Toronto by bus with twelve pieces of luggage and a trombone At first they lived in one room and cooked spaghetti every night on a two-burner hot plate "It was the cheapest thing we could think of" Myra recalls "When we couldn't stand it any more I went to work"

Eventually Koster's union card arrived and he could work for McIntock He stayed with him three years, picking up a few radio shows as well He moved then to Mart Kenney's band for a three-year stint of touring the Maritimes and Quebec every spring playing in Toronto every summer and touring the west in the fall

His first trip back to Winnipeg was to play and sing in the Kenney band at a Beaux Arts Ball given by the University of Manitoba He arranged for his father to watch from a balcony overhanging one end of the dance floor The older Koster was deeply moved "That's my boy!" he shouted at intervals. "That's my son Wally!" A lesser man might have been embarrassed but Wally was just as proud of his father

He's a remarkable guy, Wally says of his father "He suffered one really tragic frustration and never complained All his life he wanted to be able to buy a piano accordion He talked about it all the time and finally one day he succeeded Then he discovered that his fingers were so thick from working that he couldn't play it"

After his Mart Kenney job Koster sang on radio series with Terry Dale and Howard Cable's orchestra and with Lucio Agostini He and Myra were building mostly with their own hands a bungalow in North Toronto and Koster hurried from rehearsals to the site Their combined efforts saved them thousands of dollars For instance Koster saved three cents a block on the cost of laying the foundation by making the mortar himself and carrying the 5¢-pound blocks for the experts to lay Later Myra with every finger bandaged because of her poor aim with a hammer helped him lay the hardwood floors

When television came to Canada Koster starred on Pat Patterson's Cue for Music, one of the first musical variety shows on Canadian television and on The Big Revue Matinee Party and On Stage Miss Patterson recently said of him "Musically he's the absolute end an ideal artist He's honest, modest and unassuming and I've never known anyone who works so hard"

Cross-Canada Hit Parade, the television show he did last year and will do again this fall has brought Koster the first regular fan mail of his life and led to the establishing of two Wally Koster Fan Clubs in London and Montreal For a singer, Hit Parade is more of an obstacle course than a showcase The show, an often-frantic half hour of currently popular songs that has a budget of twelve thousand dollars a week, is produced by two men Peter Maclarlane and Stan Harris, and written by comedian John Aylesworth Seen from twenty-eight television stations last year (thirty-one this coming season) it presents each song in a different setting loosely suggested by the lyrics. The show's special effects have included smoke bombs a merry-go-round a treadmill that cost more than a thousand dollars, the entire 48th Highlanders Pipe Band and Wally Koster Junior then aged two

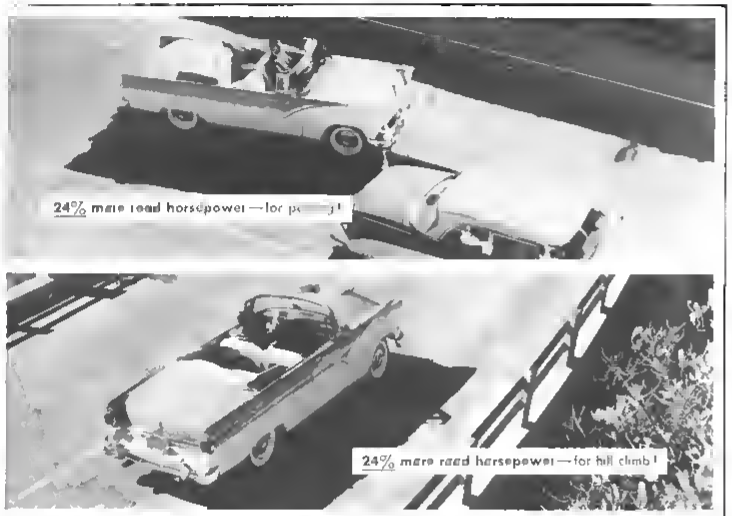
In the execution of his duties as one of the show's two regular stars, Koster has been among many roles a spy (Lisbon Antigua), the owner of a harem (Only You), a baseball umpire (Blue Suede Shoes) and a second-story man (Band of Gold) One of his greatest problems is costume changes, most of which have to be made on the set. He had four minutes to change from his Captain Hook costume (See You Later Alligator) to a Clark Kent business suit on top of a Superman outfit (The Great Pretender) and only two minutes to change from a cowboy ensemble (Wayward Wind) to an old-time vaudeville plaid suit (Standing on the Corner) Producer Macfarlane was concerned about his appearance after the latter change.

"Wally" he said sternly after the dress rehearsal "when Camera Two picks you up for that close-up you're sweating On the show don't sweat!"

Over the thirty-nine weeks of the show Koster sang more than ninety songs, including Hot Diggity eight times and The Great Pretender seven times "Don't you get tired of singing the same songs over and over?" he once was asked "It's nice on paydays" Koster answered.

For the first time in his life Koster is financially secure Last June on his tenth wedding anniversary, he bought Myra a mink wrap Their three-year-old son Wally Junior owns almost every variety of toy manufactured for three-year-old boys. Koster recently turned down an offer of a high-priced job, working six nights a week as a night-club entertainer

"I can't spend that much time away from my family," explains Koster whose values acquired in a tough neighborhood have remained simple and uncomplicated "Without Myra and little Wally—I'm nothing" ★



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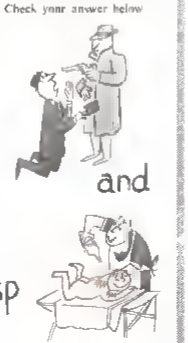
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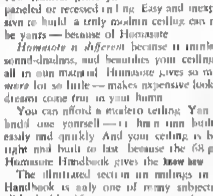
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Cancer and smoking

The experts agreed that mounting evidence thereof some relation between tobacco and lung cancer. But four of the eight panelists smoked frequently during the three hour discussion



DR. I. O. RENSHAW | DR. A. H. HAM | DR. A. MARROW | DR. C. P. LEBLOND

Where we stand in the fight to conquer cancer continued from page 14

for a cure for inherited diseases caused by bacteria. They thought they would have to find a specific drug to cure each disease. They were quite surprised to discover that the antibiotic drugs were helpful in a wide range of infectious diseases. Now I don't want to make this look too easy. I myself am working on a form of the thyroid gland and I've already identified sixteen types of tumor. There seems to be a tremendous variety in these tumors and it's possible that we won't find any one substance that can attack all of them with the same efficiency.

Kaplan: I think we should explain to the public why the chemotherapy of cancer is so difficult as compared to treating infectious diseases like pneumonia or tuberculosis. In these infectious diseases you have a bacteria or a virus or a parasite that doesn't belong in the body. They are foreign agents and an antibiotic drug will single them out for attack and not damage the rest of the body. There's no such difference between the cancerous cell and the normal cell. The cancer cell is simply an altered cell. It's part of the body itself. The job of finding a drug that destroys the abnormal cell and not the normal cell is tougher than finding a drug that will discriminate between a foreign agent and the cells of the body.

Stock: This is an important point and it might make the public a little more patient with us.

Katz: What are the most promising new drugs developed for cancer?

Stohl: The one that has interested us most in the past few years has been 6-mercaptopurine. It is particularly effective in leukemia when used in combination with another substance, azaserine.

How effective are these drugs? The Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research with which Dr. Stock is associated collected statistics on this point. Of every one hundred leukemic children treated by antibiotics and blood transfusions, fifty died within four months, five survived for a year. With the new drugs, fifty survived for a year; others can be kept alive for two years or longer.)

Are some people immune to cancer?

Berenblum: It's always been assumed that because some people get cancer and others don't that the latter group has some kind of immunity. It may be proven some day, but it hasn't been yet.

Lacassagne: Looking at the problem another way we are able to breed mice that are susceptible to certain types of cancer such as leukemia, the lungs and the breast.

Berton: Is it possible to breed strains of mice that are immune?

Lacassagne: Yes.

Katz: Could we do the same with human beings?

Lacassagne: We have no pure strain of man.

Katz: How about cases of spontaneous regression or cure—the patient whose tumor grows smaller or disappears for no apparent reason. What's the explanation?

Berenblum: The conventional explanation is that they acquire immunity. There are other explanations but they would be too technical to go into.

Haddow: Some of these dramatic cures seem to be associated with hormonal changes such as occur in pregnancy. I think these spontaneous cures are of tremendous importance to research and should be studied carefully. If we could discover exactly what happens we could apply these findings to cancer patients.

Gardner: It may be that there are more spontaneous cures in cancer than we suspect. There may be many cancers that appear and then disappear before they get to the stage where they show clinical symptoms. This is certainly true from what we see in our laboratory experiments with mice.

Leblond: It might be interesting to point out that last year somebody did an autopsy on a large number of people who had *not* died of cancer. They examined the thyroid glands. A surprisingly high percentage contained malignant cancer cells.

Bereoblum: The same sort of observation was made when someone did a series of studies on the prostate glands of elderly men who also had *not* died of cancer. Cancer cells were discovered in a high proportion of cases.

Does smoking cause lung cancer?

Berenblum: The statistics that have been gathered are very striking but I don't want to go too far beyond saying that. There's also a correlation between the output of electric refrigerators and the incidence of lung cancer during the past few decades.

Kaplan: ... and spanking of correlations, you can prove that skirts are the cause of breast cancer... since the only people who get breast cancer wear skirts.

Bereublum: What I was saying was that scientists are very skeptical. They are not ready to jump to conclusions just because there's a striking statistical relationship between two phenomena. They want other evidence to suggest there's a true relationship.

Haddow: I think there's an important correlation between cigarette smoking and lung cancer—particularly since the heavier the smoking, the greater the incidence of cancer. Mind you this doesn't amount to positive proof, but I have a strong feeling they're connected.

Berenblum: I want to give you an example of why we're so cagey about correlations. After all when you're smoking a cigarette you're also burning the paper around it. There may be other factors associated with cigarette smoking causing the cancer not the tobacco itself.

Kaplan: Even if we grant that the statistical proof that smoking and lung cancer run related, it doesn't mean that smoking causes all lung cancer. There are probably several causes for every kind of cancer that a man gets.

Leblond: ... for example the air of the city is polluted with exhaust from automobiles and diesel engines. We know that these gaseous agents which are carcinogenic.

Haas: In the experimental work carried out in regard to this problem, tobacco tar was painted on the skin of mice for several weeks and they developed cancer. But heavy smokers invariably have their fingers stained with something from the cigarette smoke and who ever heard of anyone getting skin cancer from it?

Can substances added to food cause cancer?

Haddow: I think this problem should be seriously considered. As a matter of fact it's so important that a special international conference is to be held in Rome to consider the subject within a few months. Interest in this question goes back twenty-five years to the work of a number of English scientists who observed that there are many substances that can produce cancer in both animals and men. This prompted them to examine the substances that go into the things we eat. Certain forms of dyes for example are cancer producing. Minute quantities of "butter yellow" used to be added to butter as coloring. When tested on rats, it was found to cause cancer of the liver.

Berenblum: Fortunately "butter yellow" is no longer used. But the problem of possible cancer agents in food still remains. It's one of the results of the enormously increased mass production of foods. Colors are put in to make them suitable preservatives are used so that they'll stay fresh until they're sold. But very often we don't even know what these additives are. Many of us are consuming artificial substances in our food without knowing it. We mustn't become panicky and jump to the conclusion that all food additives are dangerous. All dramatic items we must recognize that some of them *may* be dangerous and study them thoroughly.

Gardner: I'd hate to go along with that.

Haddow: On the other hand, I think the problem has arisen because it is often used before the biological properties are fully understood. I think we should have some kind of setup where all substances could be thoroughly tested and examined before they actually find their way into food.

Gardner: The general population does have a good deal of protection in the matter of notice. Our drug and food officials in the U. S. for example are always investigating sprays and insecticides used on edible plants. (The same is true of Canada.)

Can industrial fumes cause cancer?

Berenblum: I think it has been substantiated that in a few small certain industries—such as chromium and nickel carbonyl—tumors are produced in exposed workers. The employers have taken the necessary precautions to protect their workers.

Kaplan: Most industries, once they feel there's a problem, look into it carefully. For example, Standard Oil of New Jersey carried on an investigation to see whether cracked petroleum products had carcinogens in them. They did and they took the present one to protect employees.

Berenblum: Industries like people have to be educated about the cancer hazard. At first when I was established that in certain industries the workers might get tumors the employers tried to censor this information and settle suits. One about manufacturing processes. They were afraid they might frighten workers off. But industry gradually learned that it was in its own as well as the public interest to co-operate with public-health authorities in carrying on research in the hazards of industry. In England there are several examples of industry and cancer research groups working together.

Haddow: A good example would be the dye industry in England. With many supplied by the industry we investigated why some workers in dye factories contracted cancer of the bladder.

Is the radiology in detecting disease a hazard?

Haddow: The greatest radiation hazard is diagnostic radiology. Many of us feel it is carried out far too indiscriminately.

Berton: You mean the dangerous may be many times greater than the disease?

Kaplan: Not necessarily. As a radiologist I'd like to come to the defense of my colleagues. When we use X-ray investigations in gynecological clinics on young people—a group of people who can no longer reproduce. Their children won't be affected because they won't be having



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Will radioactive fall-out from atomic tests cause cancer?

No!

Dr. Kaplan: It's true that infinitesimally small particles of radioactive substances get up to the stratosphere are carried around the earth many times by winds and finally settle around us. They get into plants, into cows that eat the plants and ultimately into us. But the level at which these radioactive substances exist in plants and animals is not really hazardous.

Yes!

Dr. Haddaw: No level of radiation is without hazard. It's true that we are exposed to only a small amount of radiation but it may be a contributing factor in some cases of leukemia.

Dr. Berenblum: It's not so much the quantity of radiation released at any one time but the cumulative effect through the years. With continued atomic tests the level of radiation around us might rise to a hazardous point.

"Cancer surveys aren't feasible. A few cancers might be detected, but many may be wrongly diagnosed"

any more children at their age.

Haddow: When speaking of radiation hazards, I think we should keep in mind the dangers involved in using radioactive isotopes in treatment. We are now beginning to see the first cases of leukemia in patients on whom isotopes were used.

Kaplan: I'd like to mention one other point as far as the use of radiology in diagnosis is concerned. We have a new type of electronic fluoroscope which gives a very bright and clear picture on the fluoroscope screen, while at the same time the amount of radiation that goes through the patient's body is much less than we used in older fluoroscopes.

Lehlond: There's another radiation hazard I'd like to mention—luminous wrist watches, clocks and car instrument panels. They are radioactive. Some people wear their watches on the inside of their wrist night and day, becoming radiation in their bodies. They may be in for trouble.

Katz: Is it possible to get cancer from a wrist watch?

Lehlond: From my calculations it's quite possible.

Hunt: I'm no expert on this topic but I've discussed it with two Canadians who know quite a bit about radiation—Dr. Robert Taylor and Dr. Harold Johns. They told me we shouldn't disregard the possible danger of luminous faced instruments—they may have long-term genetic effects. On the other hand, they didn't appear to be too worried that the wearer of a luminous wrist watch ran much risk of getting cancer.

Is cancer education good or bad?

Katz: It's been claimed that cancer education programs spread fear among the public. Do you share this view that knowledge makes people frightened?

Stock: On the whole cancer-education programs do good. Some of my friends have told me that they have frightened them. On the other hand, I think that most of us can point to individuals who have been saved from death as a result of information spread by cancer societies and other groups.

Lacassagne: We have a cancer-education week in France. We find that it sends thousands of people to the doctor's office many of them unnecessarily. I find that it's not all a problem knowing what you do tell and don't tell the public about cancer.

Berenblum: You have to take into account the population you're dealing with. In countries where people are phlegmatic you can tell them a great deal.

Katz: Such as?

Berenblum: Such as Sweden and England. In countries where the people are highly emotional you would have to be more restrained. On the one hand you have to tell people as much as possible so that they will be helped by your information. On the other hand you don't want them to think they have cancer every time they get an ache or pain.

Ham: Let's look at the problem in a different way. Let's suppose that cancer and medical societies stopped giving out information about cancer. There would be a vacuum. In its place the public would pick up their knowledge of cancer from neighbors, friends or someone else who is probably not too well informed. Myths, misconceptions and fears about cancer would be widespread. I don't see that there's any choice but to continue doing what we're doing now—handing out accurate cancer knowledge that will help people to recognize early symptoms of cancer and go to their doctors immediately.

Kaplan: I don't want to question the value of public education but I wonder if too much money isn't being spent on it and not enough on research. A Chicago researcher estimated that about thirty-five percent of all cancer patients on this continent are being cured. He then estimated that if every single patient had come for treatment at the earliest possible moment, the cure rate might have been boosted to fifty percent. This means that research has the job of curing the other fifty percent. In the United States the cancer dollar is not being spent in accordance with this type of estimate.

Katz: How is the American cancer dollar being distributed?

Kaplan: Roughly, it's being split evenly three ways: education, service and research. I think that anywhere from two-thirds to three-quarters of the money should be spent on research.

Katz: What is the breakdown in Canada, Dr. Hunt?

Hunt: Forty percent on research, thirty percent on welfare services, thirty percent on education programs for cancer.

Katz: What experiences has the Israel Cancer Society had with public education, Dr. Berenblum?

Berenblum: I think we probably have a different approach than the other countries. We don't have much money to spend on public education so we had to plan our expenditures carefully where they would do the most good. We finally decided to use our budget in organizing refresher courses for general practitioners. These courses help them sharpen their skills in diagnosing cancer. This is a form of cancer education for different from the usual program of trying to educate the layman.

Would mass detection be useful?

Kaplan: I think the answer is an unqualified no. Detection in tuberculosis is relatively simple—it's usually the lung that's affected. It's economical and fast to survey that single organ. But to find cancer you'd have to conduct an extensive and expensive search of the whole body. The problem would be too complicated.

Haddow: I don't think mass-detection surveys are feasible. It's true a few cancers might be detected. On the other hand there would be many cases which would be wrongly diagnosed and the people involved would be given surgery and other treatment procedures not called for. There's also the doubtful wisdom of exposing millions of people to regular X-rays. ★



Who'll follow St. Laurent?

Continued from page 17





Afloat or ashore! Men who go

"Neither Harris nor Pearson would be happy for long in a federal cabinet headed by C. D. Howe"

retary-general will still have a comfortable, respectable well-paid job but he may no longer have anything of much consequence to do

If that is Pearson's personal conclusion as a result of the Three Wise Men's enquiry he will not go to NATO. He wants to be wherever he can do the most effective work for the peace of the world and for the policies of international co-operation which he has been trying for twenty-eight years to advance.

But by the same token his enemies will be determined in part by his position and prospects at home—his chances of serving the same ends as a Canadian cabinet minister.

Pearson says with every appearance of sincerity that he is not interested in the party leadership at each. He would be quite happy to continue as Minister of External Affairs with the backing as now of a congenial and sympathetic prime minister.

Would he get this sympathetic backing after Prime Minister St. Laurent leaves office? That doubt is one of the things that impel Pearson to try for the leadership himself—as it impelled him to leave the safe harbor of the civil service and enter politics in the first place when St. Laurent left External Affairs eight years ago.

Neither Harris nor Pearson would be happy for long for instance in a cabinet headed by C. D. Howe. It is generally accepted that if St. Laurent were to retire suddenly Howe would carry on until a convention could be called but that if St. Laurent bows out with due warning the two comrades in arms would retire together. However betting on the future actions of C. D. Howe is a very uncertain way of making money and it is by no means inconceivable that he might become prime minister for more than a mere interval.

Pearson's friends say that in spite of popular assumptions to the contrary Pearson would be quite willing to serve under Walter Harris. The two have come to respect each other a good deal more than they used to do. Harris's readiness to raise Canada's contribution to the Colombo Plan by eight million dollars as he did last fall, impressed Pearson far more than the repetition for narrow little-Canadian isolationism which Harris seldom bothers to relate.

But Harris has one big drawback in the eyes of Pearson's backers. In spite of his repute as a practical politician they don't think he could win an election. They think Pearson could. That rather than any top-lofty notions of internationalism policy is why they are pushing him for the party leadership.

Actually "pushing" is too strong a word. The contest for the party leadership isn't even a race let alone a fight. It is more like a beauty contest except that the participants must be careful to pretend that they don't know they are in it.

Pearson finds all this pretty distasteful and from time to time thinks of getting out of public life altogether. He often talks wistfully of going, not to NATO or

Mike's solid supporters

Last year I had a little convention of party workers in my riding," said a Liberal MP from eastern Ontario. "I asked Walter Harris to come and speak to them and he said he was too busy. I asked Mike Pearson he said he'd be away at a conference until the day before the meeting but he'd come.

Mike flew home late the night before but he got to the meeting before 10 a.m. He spent most of the morning pitching horseshoes. At lunch he didn't sit at the head table he sat with a bunch of country delegates. There were three hundred people at the meeting, and by four o'clock Mike must have been on first-name terms with at least two hundred of them. On top of that, after dinner he gave them a cracking good speech something to think about.

If Pearson is a candidate for the leadership he picked himself up a solid group of supporters in that one day.

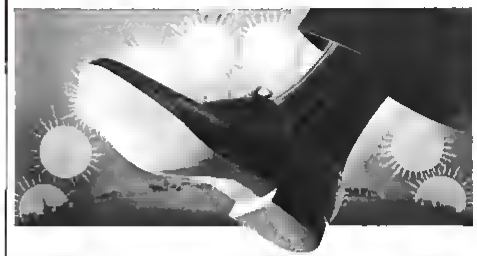
If his candidacy—that qualification has a cooling effect on Pearson's warmest admirers in the Liberal Party. They are grieved by doubt that their man will even be available when the day comes to choose.

Some time between now and next spring Lord Ismay secretary-general of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is expected to retire. It has been predicted for years that when he does the job will be offered to Pearson. Whether or not Pearson would accept it is a matter for speculation—close friends say he hasn't yet made up his own mind.

One thing that will affect his decision is the appraisal of NATO itself which Pearson and two other foreign ministers—the "Three Wise Men" appointed at Paris in May—are receiving, get this week. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization has declined in importance since the cold war was replaced by the rapid peace. As a military alliance it has become static as an instrument of non-military co-operation it is an unknown and somewhat debatable quantity. Its see

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United Nations or any other position of international eminence but back to the university life which he left for the foreign service in 1928. Any Canadian university looking for a distinguished president should try to catch Pearson in a moment of weariness and disenchantment.

Those moments are likely to be frequent as long as the present paralysis of leadership continues in the Liberal cabinet. All the younger ministers chafed and sputtered during such crises as the Defense Production Act last year when the government gave way after months of internal wrangling and did as the opposition demanded, and the pipeline debate this year when the government held its ground with visible embarrassment and difficulty. Neither crisis, in the private opinion of the younger men would ever have arisen if the Prime Minister had acted in time to restrain C. D. Howe.

The cabinet member who suffered most vexation, frustration and gloom during these rearguard actions was Pearson's rival, Walter Harris.

As Leader of the House of Commons Harris is responsible for the handling of legislation in parliament. Once the government has decided on a course of policy it is Harris' job more than anyone else's, to put it through the House. Thus, nominally at least, it was Harris' fault that the government looked so awkward so often during the pipeline battle in May and June.

Harris himself has told friends that the pipeline debate with its incidental squabbles over procedure and the use of closure did him some permanent harm. When all else is forgotten, he says, the public will remember that Harris was the man who moved the suspension of Conservative Donald Fleming for defying the chair (that Harris was the man in charge of procedure that Harris was the man accused falsely, he swears) of trying to put pressure on the Speaker.

What the public will think of, remember is anybody's guess, but certainly some Liberal MPs have had this reflection to the events of the past session. They are a minority though. To the great majority of Liberal backbenchers and to most of his cabinet colleagues Harris appears cast as the culprit but as the hero of an engagement that gave an illogical but undeniable boost to party morale.

They know even if the public doesn't that Harris had the job of extricating the government from a plight that he him-

My most memorable meal No. 2



Cyrus Eaton says

Nothing's better than a Pugwash shore dinner

Selecting the most memorable of the seventy-five thousand to eighty thousand meals I have had during my lifetime has been an enjoyable if difficult assignment. Among the scores of happy recollections that stand out with a special vividness are my first dinner in 1901 at the John D. Rockefeller home in Cleveland from which I emerged as an employee of the world's richest man, an evening feast on prairie chicken in the wilds of northern Saskatchewan in 1905 and an outdoor luncheon of that fabulous northern fish, char, on the shores of Ungava Bay up in northern Quebec.

Most memorable of all, though for congenial company and culinary perfection, in a setting of surpassing beauty was an evening meal in my native Nova Scotia in the early Thirties. With appetites whetted by the bracing air of a perfect September day in the open, the five of us gathered in the comfortable, old clapboard home of my forebears at Pugwash as the full moon rolled up over the faraway Cobequid Mountains to vie with the Evening Star.

With me were my Uncle Charles, then a U.S. congressmen and chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of Congress but always first and foremost a native of Pugwash; Ned Rhodes, the former premier who had recently become federal minister of finance and my two learned cousins, President Avery Shaw of Denison University and Chancellor Howard Whidden of McMaster University, both also sons of Nova Scotia.

The meal began with succulent oysters on the half shell raked from the nearby beds on the Pugwash River just a few hours before. These followed steaming chowder made of freshly dug native clams. Now came the *pièce de résistance*: broiled lobsters hereby lifted from the sea as we sat down to dinner. Boiled new potatoes and crisp string beans from one of the fertile local gardens added the riches of the land to those of the sea. The land also provided our dessert: lush wild blueberries with their tart tang tempered by sugar and thick rich cream from a neighboring farm. Gingersnaps, hot from the oven like the ones mother used to make and her mother before her, added the final touch. The meal came to its perfect conclusion with tea brewed strong and aromatic in the true Nova Scotia style.

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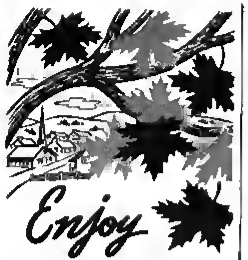
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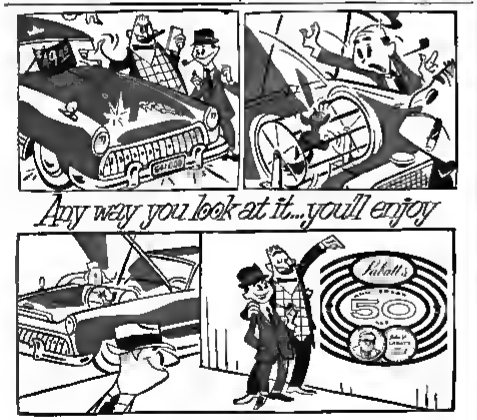
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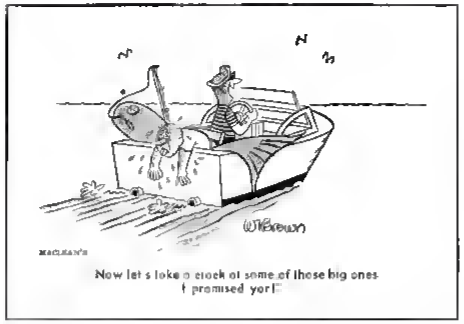


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sell would not have got it into. They are grateful to him for getting them out with as little damage as they suffered. They admire him for carrying the fight to a victorious, even if inglorious, conclusion.

More important they looked to him during those hectic days as a battlefield commander. Pearson took part in the pipeline debate, striving toward the end with a good, progressive, effective political speech. But Harris spoke repeatedly leading and directing the Liberal counterattack, showing himself endlessly adept and resourceful in debate and revealing unexpected talent as a fighting speaker. Neither he nor Pearson lost ground with the party as a result of the pipeline fight but Harris gained was probably the greater of the two.

However it wasn't the pipeline debate or any other recent or specific incident that made Walter Harris the favourite of Liberal professionals. When they speak of a talent for politics they are not thinking only or even chiefly of a talent for making friends. More often they mean a consuming interest and skill in those choices between unpalatable alternatives which a party leader has to make all the time.

What we professionals like in a party leader," said a wise old Liberal senator, "is a man whose first reaction to any situation is: What will this mean to the Liberal Party?"

That question would cross Pearson's mind seldom and late, if at all. If Harris it would come up immediately. He finds endless fascination in party politics—his work and his hobby a twenty-four-hour-a-day preoccupation.

It's hard to describe Harris's concern for political expediency without being unfair to him. He has proved more than once that he ranks principle ahead of personal or party ambition. A year and a half ago, for instance, on the eve of Harris's first budget, a reporter in the Press Gallery played a joke on his colleagues. He dug up a copy of the previous year's budget speech and, ostentatiously went to work on it, pretending it was a confidential copy of the new one which of course was still secret. Harris heard a rumor of this budget leak. Without even stopping to check it he went immediately to the Prime Minister and offered his resignation.

But if no issue of principle is clearly apparent, Harris tends to look at any question in political terms. He thinks that what's good for the Liberal Party is good for the country. This attitude is often disconcerting to the permanent officials in the finance department, accustomed to lesser ministers like J. L. Ilsley and Douglas Abbott whose opinions were based on a general political and economic philosophy. But if Harris's view is distasteful to bureaucrats and theoreticians it finds a lord and grateful echo in the average Liberal MP.

Indeed all that prevents Harris from having a certain majority at any Liberal convention is the perception that he is not yet a dominant figure in the eyes of the voters. After the Pearson Minister and C. D. Howe as one M.P. gloomily remarked, "Mike Pearson is the only Liberal that the average voter ever heard of."

Pearson's well-known already-far he made even better known with ease—he goes over well not only in personal contacts but on television. Harris, in spite of two years of build-up by the party is still relatively cold and remote personality to the public.

Pearson has another advantage which St. Laurent in Canada and Eisenhower in the United States have shown to be invaluable to any political party leader—his personal appeal goes across party lines. Pearson does not arouse or affront the Conservatives as Mackenzie King once did and records his disciple Jack Pickersgill does now; on the contrary they like him. So do the members of the CCF. In a country where most voters back one party in provincial elections and another in federal, such non-partisan popularity is a precious asset.

No other potential successor to the Liberal leadership has this quality or anything like the same degree.

Robert H. Winters, Minister of Public Works, would probably sweep both sides of the board on his native Maritime provinces. Indeed a Nova Scotia Conservative said not long ago: "If these silly Grits had sense enough to make Bob Winters leader they could knock us flat." But though Winters might win nearly unanimous support in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, he is not particularly well known in the rest of the country.

Besides Winters, an engineer by profession, still intends to go back eventually to private business. For the third time he has put off this decision until after the election, and quite possibly he may go on doing so for the rest of his life, but he will continue to insist that he is not a professional politician.

Also Winters believes quite sincerely that another man is better qualified than he to be Liberal leader, and that this man is Walter Harris. As a prospective delegate to a Liberal convention Winters is a Harris man.

So almost certainly, is another ministee whose name is often mentioned as a possible successor to the leadership—Jack Pickersgill, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. It is noticeable that most of the speculation on Pickersgill's succession comes from Conservative sources. This can be put down to wishful thinking. There is no Liberal whom the Tories would rather see as his party's chieftain, not whom they would attack with greater joy and fervor.

It is much more likely that Pickersgill, instead of being himself a candidate, will be to Walter Harris what he is to Prime Minister St. Laurent—a trusted confidant, political adviser and *eminence grise*. Whether or not this represents a net asset for Harris is a question on which Liberals do not all agree. Pickersgill's handling of political problems is always ingenious, but no Liberal minister except Howe has got his party into more hot water.

"Jack is like a genius who is magnificent at getting out of the cough," said a Liberal who has known him well for many years. "The trouble is he gets *into* the cough so often."

One minister who is expected to enter the contest for Liberal leadership is Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare.

"Don't write off Paul Martin," is a common remark in the endless political discussions with which Ottawa whiles away its time. The phrase itself is sufficient evidence that everyone does, in fact, write him off. Whatever chance Martin might have had or other circumstances — or, conversely, might have again in the future — he has no chance at all to succeed Prime Minister St. Laurent.

"Not another French Canadian, not another Roman Catholic," said the great Ernest Lapointe when Sir Wilfrid Laurier suggested him as successor nearly forty years ago.

Martin has his backers too

So far Paul Martin himself has not rejected this classic reservation. He has been known to argue among friends that the alternation of leadership between the two main linguistic and religious groups in Canada is not in fact a real tradition at all, that it doesn't mean a thing. Nevertheless it is accepted almost unanimously among the cabinet and the Liberal MPs that the next leader must be an English-speaking Protestant and secondarily Martin's personal qualifications are not even discussed.

This doesn't mean that Martin will not if he persists gather considerable support among rank and file delegates in a Liberal convention. Quebec MPs admit that he would be the easiest of all candidates to sell in their French and Catholic province and Martin's own western Ontario will undoubtedly give him some backing.

This bloc of delegates will certainly not be large enough to enable Martin to carry the convention. It might however, have a strong influence in determining who does. In a cabinet headed by Walter Harris the Minister of External Affairs would, presumably, still be L. B. Pearson. In a cabinet headed by L. B. Pearson the post of External Affairs would be vacant and no one would have a better claim on that glamorous position than Paul Martin. If he should abandon his own hopes of leadership without abandoning control of his followers, Martin might play a decisive role in choosing the next Liberal leader.

For more likely than the cut and dried succession which has become standard for both the major political parties in Canada is the tribunal and the parliamentary group decide it is an impossible task to build up Walter Harris into a commanding national figure in time for the election campaign he would have to lead they will no doubt resign themselves to Pearson. He gives them the same sense of uneasiness as Eisenhower gave the Republican professionals who would have preferred the late Senator Taft, a man whom they understood and who understood them but for somewhat sensible reasons. The Liberal professionals too very choose the gifted amateur.

Meanwhile they need time to make the public more aware of the man they really prefer. This is another reason in addition to Prime Minister St. Laurent's own vote getting talents, that the Liberals wanted him to stay on through one more campaign instead of retiring at the peak of his fame in 1954.

If the Prime Ministers health remains good they'll have at least another two years which should be time enough. ★

"Pickersgill is always ingenious but no minister except Howe gets the party into more hot water"



Growing up is such a serious business

What a wide, wide wonderful world. Every hour this person's little lady turns, something new and strange appears. But already many things are familiar—the cuddly teddy bear, the bright noisy rattle. And because her mother is a modern mother with old-fashioned concern for nourishment and feeding, one of the most familiar things in this baby's world is the famous Heinz Baby Food label. Heinz helps young mothers through some of their busiest days—the time when baby has reached the age between strained and adult foods—by providing a complete selection of Junior Foods. When baby is ready for foods with a texture suitable for chewing, you'll find a wide variety of convenient Heinz Junior Foods, wherever you shop.



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Burro answer: a bungalow, built of himself, house designed by Canadian architect and furnished in Mexican motif and fitted out with lighting that is packed in crates, ready to build by plans, peg to peg in Burro.

The Aluminum government has invested $200 million to help bring the shortage of rural housing in that South American country. So it's not surprising with aluminum treated to fit and doing so much that Alcan is again increasing its smelting capacity in both Quebec and British Columbia.

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Is the public really hostile to conscription?

gant defense budget? Is it too big? Too small?

How about the armed services themselves? Should we have a bigger army or navy or air force? What fundamental changes if any should be made in their structure or their relation one to another?

Parliament has left such questions open for years. Lately some other and even more specific questions have been raised outside the House. It appears that parliament will leave them open too. From time to time opposition speakers have quoted the penchant statement that General Guy Simonds has directed against the service of which he won recently Chief of the General Staff but whenever a Liberal MP has risen to ask:

Do you support Simonds view?" the opposition man has hastily backed away.

General Simonds has described the recent expenditures on the Canadian all weather fighter the CF 100 Mark V as a waste of money. This opinion whether right or wrong would be extremely unpopular in the Conservative constituency of York West where dwell most of the A V Roe aircraft workers who make the CF 100. It would also outrage the Royal Canadian Air Force its veterans, its auxiliaries and its admirers. These facts are more than enough to establish the Simonds thesis as a political hot potato which no party cares to touch with a pair of tongs.

Less obvious but not far below the surface are the political implications of Simonds attack on the structure of the Department of National Defense. He has stated that the Canadian Chiefs of Staff Committee is "packed" to protect the government against the receipt of unpalatable advice (Maclean's June 23).

Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee is General Charles Foulkes, who won Simonds predecessor as Chief of the General Staff of the Canadian Army and who stands very high in the government's esteem. Other members are the deputy minister of national defense who used to be a civilian and is now an air vice marshal, the chairman of the Defense Research Board a civilian and the three chiefs of staff two of whose services benefit greatly by large scale outlays on airplanes and relatively small outlays on manpower.

Simonds says, almost in so many words that this six man group habitually indulges in buck passing log rolling and a systematic diffusion of responsibility. It is hard to imagine a graver charge—or a cleaner better qualified to know what he is talking about. Nevertheless it seems highly unlikely that any official answer will be forthcoming, or that Simonds himself will be cross-examined by any professionally qualified body, or even that the issue will be thoroughly debated in the House of Commons. For the base minimum that underlies all of Simonds charges is a criticism of Canada's manpower policy or lack of it. This is the unpalatable advice from which the government is protected by the Chiefs of Staff Committee. This is the reason for that primary emphasis on machines rather than men of which Simonds and other retired generals complain.

General Henry Crerar who led the Canadian forces overseas during the reinforcement crisis of 1944 General W. H. S. Macklin who as adjutant general had the ungrateful task of finding volunteers for Korea—all the professionals in fact who are free to speak say much the same thing, that Canada must have some kind of compulsory national service before she can have an effective defense policy.

No political party cares to take the responsibility even for raising this question. Let alone answering it. This is why we are unlikely to learn, through parliament or any of its agencies just what the facts are about manpower policy and what the services really think should be done.

After each outburst from a retired general, unnamed "official sources in the defense department give out unofficial comment. They usually begin by saying that the critic whoever he is at the time is really a rather stupid or prejudiced fellow. (They ignore the question why if he's so stupid he was allowed until so recently to fill so high and important a post.) Then they go on to explain that modern military opinion disagrees with him—that conscription in the minds of really up-to-date soldiers does more harm than good and has no real military value.

If parliament were to set up a committee for a thoroughgoing, mighty into defense policy there would be opportunity for some of these up-to-date soldiers to put their views on the record. This is one reason why no such enquiry will be held. If the up-to-date soldiers who oppose conscription exist at all, they are remarkably hard to find.

Much commoner, if not in fact universal in the view expressed by Simonds, Mankin Carter and others. Equally common is the envious admiration of military men that there is no deeply rooted hostility to conscription in Canada—that if it were not for the cowardly silence of the politicians all citizens of whatever language and background could be persuaded to endorse compulsory service.

Not long ago I spent a pleasant evening chatting with some young army officers. They all thought it would be possible and relatively easy to convert Quebec to conscription by a well-directed campaign of propaganda.

"In French or English?

In French, naturally.

"Can you name one French Canadian, of any public stature at all among his own people who would even accept you mine himself let alone lead a campaign in favor of it?"

It was evident that the question had never occurred to them. They had thought of a vigorous campaign in the press on the radio on the platform, without once asking themselves who would write the editorials, make the broadcasts and the campaign speeches.

Maybe we can't do it at all without taking control of the press, said one with a laugh.

It was a facetious remark—he didn't mean it and he knew I knew he didn't mean it. Nevertheless there was just enough seriousness in the jest to make me think that the political conspiracy of silence is having some very bad effects on both sides of the argument. ★



the sparkle that lies in your eyes!

Why I [illegible] tired tired [illegible] EYE-GENE [illegible] daily. Why don't you [illegible] EYE-GENE with [illegible] bath and lotion—its crystal clean—won't sting. Celebrate [illegible] gentle EYE-GENE daily. Why don't you [illegible] bottles—[illegible] and $1 at all [illegible]



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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



Mailbag

How to take the jam out of traffic

Re your editorial, How to Tame the Auto (June 23). One way to remove it of its makers would be to tax cars according to length and horsepower. This would compel the makers to build a car to take up less space on streets and highways. Modern cars are too unwieldy for safety.—W. O. MITCHELL, VICTORIA HARBOR, ONT.



● City traffic jams could be alleviated by car pools. I have seen a car pool operated by five men who each formerly went to work in his own car. In the pool each drove his car one day of a five-day week. — FREDERICK EDWARDS, REGINA.

● Why should you presume that because a man is wealthy he should *ipso facto* be entitled to drive his auto to town? Better to ban all cars from downtown, put a tax on editorial writers who want to put taxes on everybody and give a free handout to folks like myself—say a couple of dollars a month—for NOT driving a car.—BERNARD B. KNIGHT, PORT LAMBTON, ONT.

Who started rock 'n roll?

One statement in the article What You Don't Need to Know about Rock 'n Roll (July 7) is I think quite misleading. Bill Haley didn't invent Rock 'n Roll as he modestly claims. Rock 'n Roll is merely a label dropped on "rhythm and blues" produced by Ray Starr, Jo Stafford, Perry Como, Haley and others. Rhythm and blues has been played for years by such prominent personalities as Big Joe Turner, Muddy Waters, Guam Slim, Sbu King, Tiny Bradshaw, Sonny Thompson and Ruth Brown.—ED WARREN, SASKATOON.

Should our covers be funny?

Too bad you didn't celebrate July 1 with a dignified cover of the Fathers of Confederation instead of Peter Whelley's so-called humorous painting. Canadians cannot be reminded too often of what we owe to these far-seeing men.—MRS. O. A. LUNDY, STREETSVILLE, ONT.

● I agree with artist Whalley that this has unexplored possibilities for humor—especially the lens which produced a black-and-white image of this colorful gathering on a ground-glass screen!—NORMAN FOWLER, CLINTON, O.C.

● How I enjoyed your June 23 cover showing the trunk driver lunching at the roadside table. My husband and I used to drive past a wayside table on No. 2 Highway north of Edmonton. Always we looked for someone there but never saw anyone. It was good to see the trucker using your table—and with such enjoyment! — MRS. A. BURRELL, EDMONTON.

A lustre for the Dockers

How I enjoyed Beverley Baxter's article on Sir Bernard Docker and his wife! (What Shockers the Dockers Are! June 23). All the money Sir Bernard and his wife spend on extravagant things is putting good things in the mouth of British labor. And it is something the suburbanites in their squawking have sniffed.—HENRY L. GOETZ JR., DETROIT.

● Enjoyed Baxter's current letter hugely. I hope he'll remain around as long as I am able to read.—MRS. M. CROSSLAND, BARRIE, ONTARIO.

A picture with a lesson

The worst picture ever printed! Now we know. In Maclean's June 9 issue we see a man putting at work with a *dangling lighted cigarette*!!! Authorities had better



make it compulsory to forest workers that NO matches or lighters can be carried. Let them show their cigarettes if they must have them.—MRS. M. JOHNELL, VERDUN, QUE.

Is the Indian a color problem?

I have just reread your editorial Let's Face Our Own Color Problem in First (May 12). A good punch to the solar plexus of our fat rotund national smugness in racial relations. But what of the hapless Indian? The record of the social and economic treatment we have afforded the redskin should leave our faces redder than his.—A. M. BROCKMAN, POINTE CLAIRE, QUE. ★

First for thrills...

Water skiing behind a speeding motor boat has become the favorite summer pastime of many Canadians.



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For sheer refreshment on warm summer days pour yourself a cool glass of Dow—Canada's finest quality ale



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Septs. To those who of Howard Mackay, this coat of arms identified their chosen leader. Unfurled were such names as:

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MACPHAIL PAUL
WILLIAMSON

Your Coat of Arms:



Motto: Tocsi

MACKAY

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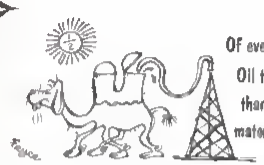
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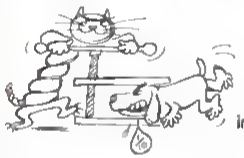
Here's what Imperial does with its money



Of every dollar Imperial Oil took in last year, more than half went to buy raw materials, such as crude oil.

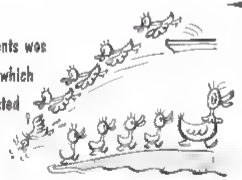
Operating and administrative costs, depreciation, and the wages of Imperial's 13,500 employees took about a quarter.





Just over a tenth went in taxes, not including the road taxes in the various provinces.

Just under nine cents was Imperial's "profit," of which five cents was re-invested in the business



So, of every dollar Imperial took in last year, just over four cents went in dividends to the company's 45,000 shareholders.

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Parade

Can you count a whippoorwill's calls?

An inquisitive Toronto eleven-year-old named [illegible] has developed a keen interest in natural history, particularly birds. It is one of those happy little traits the sort of thing parents like to show off proudly to friends, but apparently it became too much for [illegible] conscientious when the boy went to summer camp for Ern kept the [illegible] hunt awash with his learned observations, minute force a bedtime. The [illegible] told finally fought [illegible] some [illegible] the lad didn't know before, [illegible] the fact that whippoorwills always [illegible] eighty-eight times, no more, no less. Now every night in camp according to [illegible] boy's infrequent letters home, [illegible] has himself an entertaining [illegible] trying to verify this fact by [illegible] setting. But so far none of those [illegible] able to [illegible] long enough to count all the whippoorwills calls without falling asleep.

* * *

Thank goodness for interested observers of the passing show who haven't anything better to do than wander idly through the streets of our big cities until something fascinates them. This one was taking the air in Hamilton, Ont., when he saw a crew of laborers setting up a "men at work" sign and a barricade and start to rip up the pavement. Stopping to watch, chat and offer advice he became intrigued by one workman who was wearing a spotty red hunting cap and complimented the man on it. "Well, my son says it works fine when he's out shooting canse the other hunters know he's no deer," replied the workman. "I thought I'd try it on the job and see if it would keep these motorists from mistaking me for a pedestrian."

* * *

Canada is steadily becoming more urbanized but it's encouraging to know that you have only to chip a bunch of husky young Canadians back in the wilderness for them to prove their primitive prowess and ingenuity. Construction of the Mid-Canada radar line, a chain of inland units thanks to one tech crew in northern Ontario and records, in a Parade scout among them, they haven't suffered at all from the lack of such amenities as laundry services. They simply commandeered a brand new remount [illegible] and it abuses out those clothes [illegible] than any housewife's automatic



Indignant personal ad from the Vancouver Daily Times: "I request that the man in a grey car who barked an insulting remark at a lady at the East and Broad intersection Tuesday afternoon identify himself to her. Definitely a misunderstanding needs to be corrected.—H.M.W."

* * *

You can't beat life in the big city for [illegible] amusement. Taking his time in the [illegible]



[illegible] he passed the cashier's desk. [illegible] Telegram.

East end 12-room house [illegible] tenants filled now with elderly [illegible]

* * *

A visitor from Seattle, Wash., [illegible] written to tell us of some kind of [illegible] high in obliging service he encountered in a hotel in a small B.C. town. He'd [illegible] down the hall from his bedroom with [illegible] bathroom and it was vacant. The bathroom is for your convenience. Kindly use it as such. If you require a bath [illegible] please call the office, and it will be furnished to you as quickly as possible.

* * *

Hope you didn't travel all the way to London to see the changing of the guard this summer—seen it any day along Toronto's downtown Adelaide Street. For about 8 a.m. Down the street [illegible] marches a Toronto police sergeant and four constables in single file and each block or so one man falls out and his place is taken by a weary bobby just finished the night trick. The metronomic [illegible] and one without pause or [illegible] no matter what the weather or [illegible] time, including the other day when the night duty man on one beat was getting down some complaint of an anxious looking woman who had just started to unload her problem as the relief arrived. Hearing the ringing beat approaching the night man executed a neat half turn handed over pencil and little black book to the day man and marched off in formation as the new man picked up the notebook telling where he'd left off.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address: Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Here, learning to live is fun

Like youngsters everywhere, these two study history and spelling and arithmetic.

But their education doesn't end there. Young people who wake up in the morning, listen through an open window to the song of the meadowlark—and then go out to feed the calves, double up on learning. Their minds are always getting nourishment.

At home the boy hears about weed-killers, rust-resistant wheat, crop rotation. He learns how to give his father a hand when it's time to grease the tractor or clean the oil filter.

His sister's 'homework' may be a matter of baking a cake, or sewing an apron. Sometimes she even wins prizes for them at the fair.

Of course, farming is more than an education—it's a complete way of life, both for the young and for the not-so young. Today's tractors and combines and cultivators, fast and efficient in their operation, have given farming a new direction. They've left the farm family time to enjoy the results of their work.

The engineer and the research scientist are working to make farm living even more enjoyable, through advances in mechanization, in the years to come.

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